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of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa
Luxemburg (Manuals for
Proletarian Anniversaries)**

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JANUARY FIFTEENTH

The Murder of
Karl Liebknecht and
Rosa Luxemburg,
1919.



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OUR MARTYRS.

By O. CARLSON.

That long and winding highway known as History, upon which mankind has been journeying for ages and ages, is strewn with the dead and mangled bodies of the brave men and women who fought against the evils of their time. From the very dawn of history there can be no doubt but that each item of progress achieved has taken its toll in blood. Those who have been more clear-sighted than the rest, and have perceived the possibilities of improvement upon the existing order of things, have been laughed at, jeered at; and when they once became sufficiently courageous to attempt to put into operation their new schemes, they were all too frequently annihilated by the powers of law and order at the time. As a result, it was only at a much later date that their plans, their ideas, gradually took root and became accepted.

Socrates was forced to drink poison. His teachings, according to the rulers of Greece at that time, were "corrupting the youth." Galileo was forced to recant his statements that the sun did not move around the earth. Bruno was burned at the stake for his refusal to recant similar statements. In all ages and in all countries the same story has been repeated over and over again—the pioneers in the struggle for intellectual or social emancipation have been forced to undergo all manner of tortures and death because they refused to bow before the prejudices, superstitions or social forms and customs that then existed.

But our story is rather the story of the pioneers of the class struggle, which in one form or another has gone on since the day when Private Property became a feature of social life. In other words, we are interested in the history of those who have fought the fight for the Under Dog, for the chattel slave, the feudal serf, the wage slave—and it is but proper that we, the Under Dogs of to-day, should know of the struggles and the sufferings of those who have fought our fight. At a time when the whole world is in chaos, when before our very eyes we behold a world-wide social system crashing to bits, but with its rulers and supporters resorting to the most extreme measures to preserve it, when the armed forces of Capitalism seek to grind the workers still further into the abyss of poverty and degradation to perpetuate wage-slavery—at such a time it is indeed well for us to seek inspiration and renewed strength by calling to mind the lives, the deeds, the words of OUR MARTYRS.

We do not measure history by the petty jealousies of potentates, but by the social and economic and political status of the people, and by the degrees to which advancement is made in any of those spheres. We do not view history as being an unconscious and planless process, wherein each one does exactly as he



wishes except in such cases where "great men" arise and force their own ideas and conceptions upon the rest of the world. We realise full well that man is not a free agent but is limited by factors such as environment and heredity. We realise that there are certain lines along which historical development takes place, that "man's ideas, views and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life. What else does the history of ideas prove than that intellectual production changes in character in proportion as material production is changed. The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class.

"When people speak of ideas that revolutionise society, they do but express the fact that within the old society the elements of a new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence.

"When the ancient world was in its last throes, the ancient religions were overcome by Christianity. When Christian ideas succumbed in the eighteenth century to rationalist ideas, feudal society fought its death-battle with the then revolutionary bourgeoisie. The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of conscience merely gave expression to the sway of free competition within the domain of knowledge."

But even though this development takes place according to given social laws and conditions, nevertheless it acts through (and in turn is acted upon and modified by) the medium of men and women. Individuals possessing qualities of leadership, can and do therefore accelerate or retard the movement of history, depending upon whether they stand in the ranks of those who make for progress or those who oppose it.

Our martyrs—ah, yes, there have been untold thousands of them. There are the nameless ones who toiled on, fought on, through poverty, hunger, illness and persecution. They fought against the mercenary armies of Rome, under the gladiator Spartacus. They rallied to the cry of John Ball and Wat Tylor. They tore down the hated Bastille, and led the way toward a new ruling class in France, in 1789. They fought, unsuccessfully, against the Junker princes of Germany in 1848. Under the banner of the Chartists they laid the beginnings of the modern Labour movement in Great Britain. For several weeks they held Paris in 1871. In Russia they very nearly won in 1905, and in 1917 were finally successful. In Hungary, in Italy, in America, and in Germany, we can count them by the thousands, those workers, young and old, who fought the good fight.

Of late years, particularly during and since the World War, we have witnessed such a sharpening, such an intensification of the

OUR MARTYRS.

class conflict, with its subsequent results of brutality and murder of militant workers in almost every country, that we, especially the younger generation, grow hardened to it. This is not as it should be. We dare not permit ourselves become calloused and apathetic to the ever growing evils and suffering inflicted upon us and our class by a ruling class which will stop at nothing in its mad desire to maintain its position of power, and to wring ever greater profits from its wage-slaves.

Any hope of extricating ourselves from the meshes of the present system depends upon our success of reaching the youth, of pointing out to them the perilous position in which we find ourselves to-day, and of rousing them to take up the fight on behalf of themselves and their class for the rapid destruction of Capitalism and its replacement by a Workers' Government. It is the disillusioned youth, a product of the world war and the ghastly years that have followed in its wake, who will give the final blow to Capitalism. The older men and women, somehow or other seem unable to get away from the outlook which they had developed in the comparatively peaceful and stable years prior to the war. Democracy is still the aim and end for which they strive. Their faith in parliamentary institutions as weapons for the attainment of and transformation to a Co-operative Commonwealth seems almost as strong to-day as it was of old. And this, in spite of the fact that they have witnessed the master class ruthlessly flinging aside its own sham belief in parliamentary systems, and resorting to an open and brutal dictatorship whenever it felt its own position threatened. Italy, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, Spain and many other countries tell the same story. In Great Britain, where the Labour Party has won such a notable victory, its spokesmen, one after the other, make declarations of their unswerving loyalty to their native land, and assure the middle class and capitalists that they have no intentions of taking away from their ill-gotten wealth nor of making the slightest attempt to do away with the capitalist system. Is it then to be wondered at that Liberal papers, one after the other, say that there is little or no difference between their own policies and those put forth by the Labour Party spokesmen like MacDonald, Thomas, Clynes and Henderson.

The moment when they would actually attempt to carry out through Parliament any measures to do away with Capitalism, at that moment would the financial and industrial captains of Great Britain abandon the traditions of democracy and establish open and above-board dictatorships, even as has been done in so many other countries. But as was stated above, the older generation lives ideologically in a period that belongs to the past. The traditions, customs—in a word, the environment in which our leaders were fostered gave them a certain outlook upon life which

they can but with the greatest difficulty extricate themselves from.

We, the young, who have grown up in the very midst of wars, revolutions and counter-revolutions—we do not suffer from the same ideas as our fathers. Then, too, we have been made the cannon fodder in wars and expeditions in which we had no interest. We have been starved and beaten. Our hours of work have been lengthened. Our wages have been reduced. Our conditions of work have been made more and more intolerable. We have been driven out of the schools at an early age to take our places in the shop or the mill or the mine. Others of us have helped to swell the ever increasing army of the unemployed. We drift about from place to place, forlorn, disgusted, cynical. But we, and we alone, can save the day. Let us rally our forces—the forces of the youthful workers of to-day—to meet the forces of oppression. No illusions for us! We know that this is a long, bitter struggle in which the strongest will win. We know that the master class is not going to give up its position without a most bitter fight. There can be no compromise, no patchwork. Either the workers or the capitalists must hold the reins of powers. As Trotsky says: (Terrorism and Communism):

“Who aims at the end cannot reject the means. The struggle must be carried on with such intensity as actually to guarantee the supremacy of the proletariat. If the Socialist revolution requires a dictatorship—the sole form in which the proletariat can achieve control of the State—it follows that the dictatorship must be guaranteed at all costs.”

“To write a pamphlet about dictatorship, one needs an inkpot and a pile of paper, and possibly, in addition, a certain number of ideas in one's head. But to establish and consolidate the dictatorship, one has to prevent the bourgeoisie from undermining the State power of the proletariat.”

In the struggles of to-morrow there will be an even greater number of martyrs for the cause of Communism than there have been in the yesterdays. Each of us must do his bit. Fundamental revolutionary changes demand great sacrifices. We who stand in the vanguard of the battle line must not be afraid to face the consequences, even as those who have gone before us had had to face them. To quote again from Trotsky:—

“The transition from feudal economy to bourgeois society—a step of gigantic importance from the viewpoint of progress—gave us a terrifying list of martyrs. However the masses of serfs suffered under feudalism, however difficult it has been, and is, for the proletariat to live under Capitalism, never have the sufferings of the workers reached such a pitch as at the epochs when the old feudal order was being violently shattered, and was yielding to the new. The French Revolution of the eighteenth century, which attained its titanic dimensions under the pressure of the

masses exhausted with suffering, itself deepened and rendered more acute their misfortunes for a prolonged period and to an extraordinary extent. Can it be otherwise?

“Palace revolutions, which merely end by personal reshufflings at the top, can take place in a short space of time, having practically no effect on the economic life of the country. Quite another matter are revolutions which drag into their whirlpools millions of workers. Whatever be the form of society, it rests on the foundations of labour. Dragging the mass of the people away from labour, drawing them for a prolonged period into the struggle, thereby destroying their connection with production, the revolution in all these ways strikes deadly blows at economic life, and inevitably lowers the standard which it found at its birth. The more perfect the revolution, the greater are the masses drawn into it; and the longer it is prolonged, the greater is the destruction it achieves in the apparatus of production, and the more terrible inroads does it make upon public resources. From this there follows merely the conclusion which did not require proof—that civil war is harmful to economic life. The problem is to make a civil war a short one; and this is attained only by resoluteness in action.”

Of those who, in recent years have fought the good fight, there stands out in particular the names of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. They fought against the opportunists and compromisers within the ranks of the Socialist movement just as hard as they fought against the oppressors and exploiters of the working class. Above all, they were instrumental in rousing the youth of Germany to take up the fight. Out of the ground work which they laid there has grown the tremendous Communist Party of Germany to-day, which, though declared illegal by a military dictatorship that is supported by the renegade socialists, nevertheless numbers a million members. And then there is the Young Communist League, which has enrolled under its banner nearly one hundred thousand valient young men and women. In the five years that have passed since Karl and Rosa were murdered by the hired assassins of German Social-Democracy, and Junkerdom, the little Spartacus Bund which they formed has become the greatest movement of the German workers and peasants. In these five years there have been many bloody conflicts. The lives of thousands of the bravest and best revolutionists have been wiped out. There have been costly defeats. But through it all the movement has grown. The words and deeds and lives of Liebknecht and Luxemburg have been a constant source of inspiration to the oppressed workers of Germany. That cause for which they gave their lives is rapidly coming to the front. To-day it is only held in check by brute force and oppression. To-morrow it will conquer.

We, too, the young in Great Britain, America, South Africa, Australia should gird ourselves for the battle. **OUR MARTYRS** should fill us with a new vigour, a new determination to fight on till the last shred of Capitalism and its evils have been replaced by a better, more rational, saner order of society—one that is in line with the trend of historical development, and that will give to us, one and all, young and old, a chance to realise what life can really mean.

Only in an order of things where there are no classes and no class antagonism will social evolution cease to be political revolution. Until then the last word of social science on the event of every general reconstruction of society must ever be: "Fight or Die: Bloody war or annihilation. Thus are we confronted with the inexorable question."

KARL LIEBKNECHT.

By O. CARLSON.

Karl Liebknecht was the illustrious son of a great father. He was born at a time when the Prussian junker lords, under William the First, and Bismarck were welding together the German States into a great Empire. The victorious armies of Germany had marched from victory to victory against the impotent French. Such men as Wilhelm Liebknecht, who had carried on a valiant struggle against the war were, without much ado, placed in prison. In fact, Karl was born at the very time when his father was serving time for having sought to bring about closer relations between the French and German workers, and for having violently fought against the German aristocracy and the rapidly rising bourgeoisie.

Bismarck, who was a shrewd man, realised that the time would come when the revolutionary working class movement would become a direct menace to the further existence of capitalistic society. He succeeded in having the "Socialist Exception Laws" passed which for nine years rendered the whole of the social-democratic movement illegal. His statement that "The Social-Democratic question—to the extent that it is a political question—is in the last resort a military question," shows that he could appreciate the logic of events far better than most socialists at that time and later. Later, in order to stem the rising tide of working class sentiment, he had instituted a series of small reforms, which for the time seemed to make a steady and continual improvement of the conditions of the workers. The bulk of the socialist movement were thus gradually weaned away from the idea of a militant and uncompromising movement. Their leaders saw the road to social-

KARL LIEBKNECHT.

ism as a steady highway, leading from one reform to another, until at last they should step into a golden Utopia.

Karl Liebknecht interested himself in the revolutionary movement from his earliest days. As a student, he participated in the debates and other activities which were possible. He studied law—and when he had passed his examinations, began his practice. But he never became seriously interested in his profession—it became, rather, a means to an end—a means whereby he could fling indictment after indictment at the Capitalist system.

Karl interested himself particularly in two questions, and with these his name will be connected forever. They were: The Youth Movement and Anti-Militarism. In a larger sense, both of these are bound up closely one with the other. Liebknecht had long been aware of the fact that the older members of the working class movement had lost touch with the masses, and that as their own personal status became more and more secure their outlook upon life became more and more reformist, compromising and legalist. The Trade Union and Socialist leaders paid no attention whatsoever to the plight of the young workers; their long hours of work; their intolerable treatment as apprentices; and their forced service in the army. In the Party councils and conferences, Liebknecht was forever putting forth the case of the young workers, and urging that every assistance be given them to organise. Finally, beginnings were made, but the Party bureaucracy was very sceptical about the youth movement, and feared that the impetuosity of the young would cause no end of trouble.

In 1906, Liebknecht gave a series of lectures before a section of the Young Socialist League, on Militarism and Anti-Militarism. Soon after he published them in book form. They caused a sensation, not alone within the ranks of capitalism, but also amongst the respectable, the "safe and sane" Socialist leaders. At that comparatively peaceful period, it was difficult for many people to grasp the real nature of military forces. But Liebknecht had marshalled his facts so clearly that there could be no doubt in the minds of those who read his book.

"There is," says Liebknecht, "nothing specifically capitalistic about militarism. Moreover, it is proper and essential to all systems of class society of which the capitalist system is the last. Capitalism, like any other system of class society, develops its own special variety of militarism; for militarism, by its very essence, is a means to an end, or to several ends, which vary in accordance with this variance. This is brought to light not only by the military organisations, but also by the other attributes of militarism which manifest themselves when militarism carries out its tasks.

"Militarism is not only a means of defence against the external enemy; it has a second task, which comes more and more to the

fore as class contradictions become more marked, and as proletarian class-consciousness keeps growing. Thus the outer form of militarism and its inner character take a more definite shape; its task is to uphold the prevailing order of society, to prop up capitalism and all reaction against the struggle of the working class for freedom. Militarism manifests itself here as a mere tool in the class struggle, as a tool in the hands of the ruling class. It is destined to retard the development of class-consciousness by working together with the police and the courts of justice, the school and the Church. The task of militarism is, above all, to secure for a minority at whatever cost, even against the enlightened will of the majority of the people, domination in the state and freedom to exploit."

He was not satisfied with an exposure of militarism, but showed how necessary it was to undertake specific anti-militarist work. This, he insisted, must be done largely by the youth movement. His book concluded with the following call for action:

"Anti-Militarist propaganda must be cast over the whole nation like a wide net. The proletarian youth must be systematically imbued with class-consciousness, and with hatred of militarism. This kind of agitation would warm the hearts and rouse the youthful enthusiasm of the young proletarians. The proletarian youth belongs to Social-Democracy, to Social-Democracy anti-militarism. It must, and will, be won over if everyone does his duty. *He who has youth has the army.*"

Liebknecht was tried for having published a book so obviously intended to do injury to the military forces of Germany. The trial was a sensational one. He was sentenced to serve eighteen months imprisonment, and all copies of the book were ordered to be destroyed. The statement by the judge was that "The accused is found guilty of having set on foot a treasonable undertaking, and is condemned to incarceration in a fortress for eighteen months. The costs of the prosecution are to be paid by the accused."

"All copies of the work 'Militarism and Anti-Militarism,' which has been put under the ban, in the possession of the author, printer, publisher, wholesale booksellers and booksellers, as well as all publicly exposed copies of this work, or those offered for sale, as well as the plates and forms for their production are to be destroyed."

Imprisonment didn't stop Liebknecht. His popularity increased, especially among the youth whose champion he was, on any and all occasions. He was elected to the Prussian Diet. There he made exposure after exposure, of the hypocrisy and cruelty of the ruling class. Militarism and the youth were also brought to the front.

Speaking on education at one of the Diet meetings, he said:

"The educational system cannot be separated from social conditions . . . Education in the capitalistic order is not an aim in itself . . . The higher schools serve as preparatory institutes for high official positions, whereas the primary schools teach the fundamentals which serve to make tools for capitalistic society. . . But more than ever before, the primary schools is used to-day in order to make firm the position of the ruling classes, to capture the souls of the young proletariat for the ruling class, for militarism. . . By these amendments you try to give an impression of wishing to throw open the road to education to the people also, but that is because capitalism requires educated soldiers."

"Instruction in history has been for a long time systematically used to inculcate certain political sentiments in the pupils. The higher schools especially have been for years places to exercise this practice, and in these higher schools hatred against England was systematically developed, which seed has now sprouted in such glorious fashion. . . The world's history has been *ad usum dephim* turned into a political fiction. Not political truth, not objective knowledge, but the opposite are the main features of what you teach. In German teaching, the soul of youth should have a chance to develop freely. But what are the themes put to our children? They are set to write patriotic editorials; and certain phases of war patriotism are taught them. In that way we sow the seeds of falsehood." (From "The Future Belongs to the People," by Karl Liebknecht.)

Then came the war. For almost two years it had been expected. Resolution after resolution had been passed declaring that under no circumstances would the revolutionary workers permit a wholesale slaughter for the sake of capitalist intrigues and markets. But the moment war was declared, those who had been the loudest in their declarations of international solidarity flocked to the support of their respective countries. In Germany, Belgium, France, England—everywhere, the same story. And the working masses, confused by the jingo press and betrayed by their leaders, were driven into the armies. For four long years they shot and bayoneted and gassed one another, while their erstwhile revolutionary leaders went about exhorting the mto "carry on." A so-called "truce" was declared between the classes. Socialists flocked into the War Ministries of all the countries.

But from the very start, there was one voice that could be heard crying out against the debacle—and that was the voice of Karl Liebknecht. He refused to obey the discipline of his Party. He voted against the war, and he spoke against it. His position within the Social-Democratic Party became a very difficult one. His former comrades, as well as the jingoes, vilified him and attacked. But he fought on, courageous and unafraid. Together with Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring, Leo Jogisches and Klara

Zetkin, he organised the extreme left wing of the S.D.P.—which was later instrumental in bringing about the split that created the Independent Socialist Party. Even within this these few maintained their own existence, and at last in 1918, organised separately as the Communist Party of Germany.

Liebknecht's undamned courage and his abilities as a speaker made him the public head of the true internationalists in Germany. He was conscripted into the army. But, there too, he continued his propaganda. It was on May Day, 1916, that he made his famous speech in one of the great public squares of Berlin, that began to kindle the flame of revolt which was soon to spread throughout the length and breadth of Germany, culminating in the revolution. He was immediately arrested, but the word had gone out. Strike after strike took place. The spark of revolt that he had let loose began to kindle new fires, and within two years time the Hohenzollern's and the Junkers had been ousted. Had it not been for the action of the socialist leaders, who steered the ship of revolution safely into the hands of the capitalists again, at the cost of murdering thousands upon thousands of workers, Germany to-day would have been united with Russia in a great Workers' Republic.

Speaking on the war, Liebknecht said:—

"The present war is not a war for the defence of national integrity, nor for the liberation of down-trodden people, nor for the benefit of the masses. From the point of view of the proletariat, it only signifies the greatest possible concentration and intensification of political oppression, of economic exploitation, and of the wholesale military slaughter of the working class for the benefit of Capitalism and absolutism.

"The cry 'Down with the war!' is meant to express that I thoroughly condemn and oppose the present war because of its historical essence, because of its general social causes, and the particular form of its origin, because of its methods and its aims; and the cry is also meant to express that it is the duty of every representative of proletarian interests to take part in the international class struggle for its termination."

And at another time he gave out the stirring words:—

"Let thousands of voices shout: 'Down with the shameless extermination of nations! Down with those responsible for these crimes!' Our enemy is not the English, French nor Russian people, but the great German landed proprietors, the German capitalists and their executive committee.

"Forward! Let us fight the Government; let us fight these mortal enemies of all freedom. Let us fight for everything which means the future triumph of the working classes, the future of humanity and civilisation." (From "The Future Belongs to the People," by Karl Liebknecht.)

In the autumn of 1918 came the collapse. The Kaiser fled. Everywhere the workers and soldiers threw off the yoke of their masters. Liebknecht, who was in prison at the time, was liberated amidst great rejoicing. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the task of making sure that the workers would reap all the fruits of victory. But once more it was the social patriots who stood in the way—and Liebknecht now fought them just as bitterly as he had fought the war-mongers. There is no need here to tell the story of the Spartacus uprisings, of the provocative action of the Noske-Schedieman-Ebert crowd—and how they drowned the revolt in a sea of blood, and did what outright imperialists had never had the courage to do—murdered Liebknecht and Luxemburg and the hosts of others who refused to allow the revolution to be made the plaything of ambitious and unscrupulous Labour leaders who aligned themselves on the side of the big capitalists against the proletariat. The whole story of those hectic days and the assassination is told in other parts of this book, and need not be repeated here.

Clara Zetkin, said of Liebknecht:—

"We should never forget that in Germany, Karl Liebknecht was the first Social-Democrat, and that for long he was the only Social-Democrat who dared to throw off the disastrous yoke of party discipline—that party discipline which had ceased to be a mere secondary means for the furtherance of practical activities, and had become an end in itself, a great Huitzilopochtli, an idol to which everything was sacrificed. We should never forget that he was the first and for a long time the only Social-Democrat to speak and to act in the German Reichstag as an international Socialist, thus in very truthdefending "German honour," the honour of German Socialism. The majority of the Social-Democratic Parliamentary group voted war credits for the murder of their brothers; they darkened and poisoned the judgment of the masses; through their repudiation of Socialist ideals and their adoption of bourgeois watchwords. The dissentient minority discretely submitted and held their peace. Karl Liebknecht alone every inch a man, had the courage to hurl his invincible "No!" in the face of Parliament and the world."

If we can be fired with a bit of that unbounded energy and courage which was Liebknecht's, if we can make his work an inspiration and a guide to us in the stormy days ahead, if we, the working class youth of all countries, for whom he did so much, can but fight on as he fought, then the day will not be far off when victory shall be ours, Liebknecht shall be avenged, a new dawn will break, and in the happier, brighter days of some far off tomorrow, Liebknecht's name will be honoured and remembered while those of his murderers will have passed into oblivion.



ROSA LUXEMBURG.

By O. CARLSON.

If Liebknecht was the public head of the revolutionary movement in Germany during the trying days of the war, Rosa Luxemburg was its intellectual leader. Or, as Zinoviev said, "Rosa Luxemburg was the luminous intelligence of the Communist Party of Germany: Karl Liebknecht was its heart of flame: Leon Tychko (Jogiches) was its iron hand."

Rosa was born in Poland. While yet a small girl she fell under the ban of the law for small articles published in a paper gotten out by a group of students. Before she was twenty years of age, she had to flee from the country. She went to Switzerland, where under the tutorship of a veteran Marxist she rapidly grasped the essential of scientific socialism. Her keen intelligence and her studiousness soon made her a scholar of the first water. But more than that she was an ardent revolutionist by nature. Her emotional strength coupled with her powers of understanding made her an ideal type of revolutionist. Her hatred for capitalism and its evils was thus no mere blind revolt, but a thorough conception of the historic conditions which had brought it about.

She, together with Jogiches, founded the Revolutionary Socialist Party of Poland. These two were closely linked up in their work from those early days to the time of their death.

In a preceding chapter we stated that Liebknecht would always be remembered for his activity on behalf of the youth and for his anti-militarist agitation. Rosa will always be remembered for her outline of revolutionary policies and tactics as against the reformists and revisionists who had become the dominating factor in the German Social-Democratic Party. Her speeches, articles and books were a constant menace to the smug leaders of the German working class movement. They referred to her as a "fanatic," a "firebrand," as "one who tried to make a mountain out of a molehill." But she knew full well that unless the Party could be brought to a realization of its danger, that unless a complete break was made with the conciliatory, legalist, reformist tactics that were being pursued, the whole movement would collapse at a moment of crisis.

The various reforms which had been given to the workers by the capitalist class in order to pacify them were looked upon by many of the leading lights in the S.D.P. as a sign that conditions for workers continually grew better and better, and not, as Marx had prophesied, ever worse and worse. The result was that there grew up a new school of thought within the movement known as Revisionism.

Berstein was the theoretical head of this school of thought, but almost without exception, it was accepted by the other leaders.

The whole theory fitted in with their desires of not having to go to extremes, of being able to work wholly and completely within the framework of the bourgeois legal and parliamentary system.

Luxemburg was the leader of the opposition. In her books she made a careful analysis of the whole problem, showing the correctness of Marx's position.

"Luxemburg also, following Marx in his unfinished second and third volumes of 'Capital,' in which he approaches the problem of capitalism in relation to its historic surroundings, showed that there is excess of population, unemployment, and falling wage scales, not because there is not enough capital as the Centrist school in the German and Austrian Social-Democracy would have it, but because too much capital is accumulated to enable the process of accumulation to continue. And it must do this or else it ceases to be capital, and the whole profit system falls to the ground. And in order to prevent this, places must be found where the capitalist production, in order that the surplus produce, which cannot be consumed at home, because there would be no profit in its consumption for the owners, may be consumed in this colonial area, and, by so doing, create for the owner a value in goods, or capital investment, which will be greater than the amount exported to this area. This is only possible in countries where a quite primitive non-capitalist economy is still prevalent, and one based on handiwork production and mercantile barter. In the process of breaking this down, capitalism will draw out in the form of cheap raw materials, cheap food, low paid labour, more than the value that it puts in. Hence these countries must be forced to submit to this process. Hence they must be intimidated by military expeditions and naval demonstrations in Asia and Africa. Hence, if another capitalist country poaches upon this preserve, where lies the talisman, the loss of which would entail the ruin to the capitalist system, that capitalist country must be warned off, and if it will not go it must be forced. Hence, there are punitive expeditions to colonies to force an alien economy on primitive races, as well as imperialist wars between two countries with a highly developed capitalist system, to decide the fate of colonial countries. And this is not only not an accident due to the idiosyncracies of diplomats and statesmen, as sentimentalist, pacifists, and theoretical 'experts' among the Centrists in the German Social-Democracy, and some of the I.L.P. and Labour leaders in England, would have it, but a perfectly normal and inevitable phase in the growth of capitalism, which can only be ended when the system is ended. It was the genius of Rosa Luxemburg who forced this truth to be heard in the German Socialist movement before the war. She tried to bring the Social-Democratic Party back to the true interpretation of the historical development of capitalism, which Marx had dimly forecast in his Communist Manifesto, and which he had

set his hand to trace in a series of great works, of which 'Capital' was to be a part, when death stayed his hand. And this truth she and her companion Karl Liebknecht preached during the war, when Revisionists were lunching with Prussian generals at the front, and Centrists were squealing like frightened chickens at events which their minds were too little to understand." (p. 226-227 Philips Price—"Germany in Transition.")

When the war broke out Rosa's assertions were all too rapidly fulfilled. The socialist-reformist leaders became thoroughly patriotic, betrayed the workers who had believed in them, and were among the first to undertake a persecution of the real revolutionists. Luxemburg continued here agitation against both the capitalist-militarists and the social-patriots. Soon she was apprehended and thrown into jail. But even there her work did not cease. She was at all times writing stirring articles, manifestoes, and calls to action which were smuggled out of the prison, secretly printed and distributed to the civilians and military forces. It was at this time that she wrote a remarkable booklet called "The Collopyse of the German Social-Democracy."

When her sentence expired she immediately set to work with her outside agitation. It was not long before she was arrested for a second time. But her work went on despite the difficulties of prison walls. Her "Letter from Prison," written to Liebknecht's wife at that time, gives us a picture of another side of this remarkable woman. Her appreciation of literature, art, music, her sensitiveness to the sufferings of dumb creatures, and her tone of good cheer that one finds expressed in these personal missives, make us realise that she had a deep and universal feeling for nature.

When the revolution began she was one of the hardest workers for its success. But she, like Liebknecht, was so feared and hated by the renegades of socialism, that she too was foully beaten to death. In this way it was hoped that the movement which she headed would be unable to go forward. But in the place of the one Rosa Luxemburg who has been murdered, there comes to the front tens, hundreds, thousands to carry on the fight. Her warnings have not been in vain. To-day the structure of Capitalism is crashing to the ground on all sides of us. Revisionism has been proved false. The clear-cut road to Communism demands that we hew to the line, never compromising with our class foes, till victory is ours.

In concluding this short, rough sketch of the life of one of the noblest, truest and best fighters that we ever had, it may be appropriate to allow the only living member of that group which founded the Spartacus Bund, Klara Zetkin, to pay tribute to her close friend and comrade:—

"Once in a while Red Rosa, weary and worn with work, would turn out of her way to pick up a stray caterpillar and re-

place it upon its appropriate leaf. Her compassionate heart warmed to human suffering and grew more tender as the years went by. Always did she find time to lend a willing ear to those who needed advice and help.

"Rarely was heard on her lips the phrase 'I cannot'; more frequently were heard the words: 'I must.'" Her frail health and the unfavourable circumstances of her life did not lessen her vigour. Sorely tried by bodily infirmities, encompassed with difficulties, she remained true to herself. Her inward sense of freedom smoothed every obstacle from her path.

"Comrade Mehring was right in affirming that Rosa Luxemburg was one of Marx's most perspicuous and intelligent followers. Gifted with shrewdness and with complete independence of thought, she refused to accept any traditional formula on trust; she probed every idea, every fact, which thus acquired a special and personal value for her. She combined to a rare degree the power of logical deduction with an acute understanding of everyday life and its development. Her dauntless mind was not content merely to know Marx's teaching, and to elucidate the master's doctrines. She undertook independent researches, and continued the work of creation which is the very essence of Marx's spirit. She possessed a remarkable capacity for lucid exposition, and could always find the aptest words wherewith to express her thoughts in all their plenitude. Rosa Luxemburg was never satisfied with the insipid and dry theoretical disquisitions so dear to the heart of our erudite Socialists. Her speech was brilliantly simple: it sparkled with wit and was full of mordant humour; it seemed to be the incarnation of enthusiasm, and revealed the breadth of her culture and the superabundant wealth of her inner life. She was a splendid theoretician of scientific Socialism, but had nothing in common with the paltry pedants who cull their wisdom from a few scientific works. Her thirst for knowledge was insatiable. Her receptive mind, her intuitive understanding, turned to nature and to art as to a well-spring of happiness and moral perfection.

"Socialism was for Rosa Luxemburg a dominating passion which absorbed her whole life, a passion at once intellectual and ethical. The passion consumed her, and was transformed into creative work. This rare woman had but one ambition, one task in life—to prepare for the revolution which was to open the way to Socialism."

KARL LIEBKNECHT'S LAST DAYS.

The bourgeois ideology is full of heroic figures; but what do they concern us, these "Grecian warriors" of the bourgeois centuries, the fabricated "heroes" of the world war?

The proletariat has its own heroes. They are the men and women who, as victims of exploitation, perish in silence every day, or those who are pushed at the head of the movement by the inevitable development of the social revolution. These are no "leaders" no "rulers" no "personalities" these are figures in which the fate of the proletariat is concentrated, the symbols of the working class awakening to power. Their fate is inseparably bound up with the proletarian revolution, their will is subordinated to the laws of the development of the mass struggle.

We know our heroes, and one of those, whose name is most deeply written upon our hearts, is Karl Liebknecht. His life, which has shown him again and again as the bearer of the revolutionary mass will, and his death, which stands at the end of the "Spartacus Week" in Berlin, whose soul and embodiment he was, are the highest expression of what the revolutionary proletariat considers as heroism. To recall once more the events of those last days before his death will help us to understand the meaning of proletarian heroism.

When we speak on this occasion of those others who, with him and like him, have fought prominently in the great struggles of the German proletariat, and who have fallen with him—Rosa Luxemburg, Leo Jogiches and the many others, with but few words, it is because we wish to show by Karl Liebknecht, for he was especially near to the youth, the eternal fate of the revolutionary hero.

The November Revolution was betrayed. The few instruments of power which the opening days of the revolution placed in the hands of the working class were, one by one, systematically taken away. Revolutionary troops were disbanded, meetings prohibited, demonstrators shot dead. An increasing excitement and a determination to break with all possible means the armed reaction grew in the masses of the class conscious proletariat. Arms for the Proletariat! One of the last of the revolutionary Independent Social Democrats in a leading position, the Berlin Police President Eichhorn, promised armament. He was immediately dismissed by the traitorous government.

This dismissal became the signal. Although dismissed from his position, Eichhorn commenced to distribute the promised arms and the masses rose for the armed struggle. This moment pushed Liebknecht to their head. But one week before, the Communist Party of Germany had been formed and the theoretical basis of the proletarian revolution presented to the German working masses in its full clarity.

Sunday the 5th of January saw great masses gathered in the

central streets of Berlin; somewhere first in the Victory Allee, suddenly a stop, breathless silence, and over it a clear full voice—Liebknecht spoke. It went like a spark through the masses, they became a unity inspired by one will to struggle. When we need you we will call you! Thus the will of the masses was concentrated on one point.

In the night, the armed struggle commenced. The masses acted. The press buildings were occupied, the palace, the police headquarters, and the important centres of traffic followed. In the following days, the struggle extended. Again, immense masses of the workers marched through the street. The entire appearance of the city was altered. The elegant public, the "better" people, who usually filled the streets, had disappeared completely, nervously they sat in their homes or behind the covered windows of the closed bourgeois restaurants and let others fight for them, seduced workers and soldiers who were "faithful" to the government, and who had been quickly called from the more backward provinces after the first fright. Civil war raged through the streets of Berlin. The main positions occupied were consolidated. Acting independently and individually the fighting groups were connected by one—Karl Liebknecht. Everyone waited for him, and when the decision for armed struggle had been passed he was in turn at all decisive places. Where masses hesitated and were undetermined, Liebknecht went to them, a few words, and ONE will united the wavering. Where the courage of the fighters flagged, Liebknecht went, and forgotten were the sleepless nights and the hunger. Where prompt action was necessary, as for instance, in the appointment of a town commander, Liebknecht spoke the decisive words and the matter was settled. He was everywhere. In the middle of the fire, he stood on some high vantage point and spoke encouraging words to the fighters, and none of the enemies aimed at him. Whilst, far away in the south-west, the hangman, Noske, protected by threefold barbed wire and innumerable guards, was in his house, and from there "led" the attack of the hastily-formed white troops, and whilst, at another point, the Eden Hotel, the staff of the Garde Kavallerie Schuetzen Division (Horse Guards) just as well protected and provided with all the technical means of modern warfare, prepared its troops, its guns, its flame-throwers, etc., Liebknecht, the outcast, for the blood of whom the trembling bourgeoisie longed, on whose head a price was set, to murder whom posters appealed everywhere, walked openly through the city, from soldiers, to meetings and from meetings to sessions. Wherever he went, he went openly, and no one dared touch him. On Tuesday, on Wednesday, and on Thursday the struggles reached their highest point. No inch of ground was surrendered. A lloconditions were rejected. The revolutionary workers, amongst them many youths, (also

Liebknecht's sons), for day, without sleep, without real food, and without definite news of the situation, remained at their posts.

Then the situation changed. The concentration of the murder troops of the Eden Hotel and of Noske was ended, and the general attack, carried on by all the means of modern warfare, commenced. The situation was hopeless and the order was issued to disperse, to sink again into the nameless mass, after holding for protection, as long as possible, the main positions. Just as he had been at the head of the open struggle, Liebknecht now turned to the dark. But he who had become the embodiment of the revolt could not disappear so easily as the thousands of simple fighters. Arms were everywhere, the shrapnel helmet, the belt loaded with hand-grenades, the armoured car dominated the streets. And under this protection, the bourgeoisie crept again from their holes, and began a mad excitement against "the disturbers of order." Whilst the guns thundered against the machine guns behind which revolutionists, mostly youths, sacrificed themselves to cover the retreat of their comrades, on the street there developed a spirit of denunciation, and the pavements drank blood.

Liebknecht, like all the leading comrades, lived in hiding. After his immense exertions, after the heated days of a super-human period, he lived two days in retirement in the close circle of his friends. Sent from hiding to hiding, on Monday he met Rosa Luxemburg, and a few other friends, and on the following day he worked for the Party Organ.

The saved bourgeoisie longed for the blood of the "leaders." In the shape of a few fanatical citizens of the quarter in which Liebknecht was hiding, it found him. With the correct instinct the joyful discoverers carried their victim to the centre of his most furious enemies—to the Eden Hotel. One knows but little of these last moments. He remained in the Hotel only a short time. And surrounded by his murderers, he was pushed into an automobile, even before he was seated, a "volunteer" jumped on to the back of the automobile and struck him twice on the head with the butt end of a rifle. With blood streaming, Liebknecht and the automobile disappear into the darkness. Night lay over the city. Two, three single shots sounded through the silent Tiergarten, sounded through the whole world. Half-an-hour later an officer reported to the Red Cross station at the Zoo: "There somewhere" (with a wave of the hand) "lies an 'unknown' person shot, his body should be carried away."

As an "unknown" died the man who was the symbol, and the name of the revolutionary German proletariat and its January rising after the rising was suppressed, and the fighting proletariat of Berlin had retreated to the darkness of slavery. Thus was the heroic struggle and the heroic death in reality, not as it has been misrepresented in a campaign of lies.

JANUARY DAYS, BERLIN, 1919.

By One who shared in the Fight.

The Fifth of January. It is Sunday. This morning the Berlin youth held its general meeting; there were heated discussions. Everyone was confident of victory in the struggle which lies immediately ahead.

The origin of the Spartacists, the "Rote Fahne," founded by Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, has called for a demonstration this afternoon. Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske plan new treason to add to their old. The Berlin Police Headquarters with its revolutionary Police President Eichhorn, the last stronghold of the proletariat, is a thorn in their side, it must be abolished.

The military classes 1896 to 1899 are not yet demobilised and are discontented.

The general meeting of the youth has decided to take part as a whole in the demonstration. Quickly one sees them on the streets with their banner, "We are the Young Guard of the Proletariat," at the head of the demonstration.

Not all of them have immediately gone to the demonstration, for to-day the situation is serious and one must be prepared for all eventualities. Very shortly, however, these also are there to swell the ranks of the demonstration.

At the appointed time, ever-growing masses of workers converged towards the Victory monument, and soon all the main and side streets are filled with a gigantic mass of people. Everywhere speakers address the workers. Cheers and pledges of loyalty to the revolution are given everywhere with great enthusiasm.

Liebknecht speaks here and there to the younger people, everywhere rousing and enthusiastic.

The procession begins to march, revolutionary songs and shouts prove the life and passion in the demonstration.

They pass the Marstall where the sailors division is stationed and press on to the Police Headquarters. "Armed men to the front!" Men leave the ranks and push to the head of the demonstration. The women fall back, and the youth forms the storm troops. Like a stream of lava the mass pours onward. They have already reached the Town Hall, and in a few minutes they will be at the Police Headquarters. Everyone is excited. Everyone is expectant. Something will happen. Nothing moves. There is the Police Headquarters.

Soon the Alexander Platz is filled; more and more workers arrive. From the balconies speak, Liebknecht, received with thundering enthusiasm, then Ledebour, Daumig, Eichhorn, the Police President and others.

JANUARY DAYS.

Evening comes. The enthusiasm of the masses rises higher. More frequent comes the shout: "Give us arms!" Here and there one hears a shout, "To the newspaper buildings!" For the bourgeois press, including the social-democratic "Vorwaerts" carries on a ceaseless campaign of incitement and slander against the workers.

At the doors of the Police Building the masses gather demanding arms. Other masses march on into the city.

Evening. In the Lindenstrasse where the building of the "Vorwaerts" is situated, red and yellow flames dance. Social-democratic leaflets are finding their end here. The shop windows near the fire crack and burst with the heat.

More and more leaflets, leaflets directed against the workers, to feed the flames.

A few workers take possession of the "Vorwaerts" building, perhaps forty men in all. Quickly the doors are guarded. The arms that were found distributed. Two machine guns are placed in position. Garbage bins and clinkers from the heating serve as improvised ramparts. Everyone has decided to fight and to die, if necessary. Several times there is an alarm. Government troops are approaching? With rifles to hand, the workers lie behind their primitive defences.

Already night is here. The sky is clear and full of stars, and the temperature is mild despite January. Nothing moves. Here and there as single shot. Warning shots of the worker guards patrolling the street below.

Monday morning. It becomes lively in the courtyard. The workers of the printing shop want to go to work, but they are prevented, no one is allowed to enter. They are all social-democrats, only one has any sympathy with the Spartacists, and he is glad and remains with us.

One, two, three, and he has printed a big poster, "General Strike" and this is hung in the window in place of the peaceful "Vorwaerts." Grumbling, the social-democratic workers leave the courtyard.

The general strike has been declared. All factories are at a standstill. Relief is expected. The revolutionary worker guards of the big factories have been armed and they march from their shops in closed ranks.

All newspaper buildings are occupied, one of the bourgeois instruments of power—the press—is forced to silence.

The government is helpless, it can find no means as yet for a counter-action, but the proletariat is human.

In the Mosse Building where the "Berliner Tageblatt" is printed, the Berlin youth has established its camp. Great bales of paper are rolled into the street. The windows are barricaded with the heavy ledgers and account books of the firm. A Red

Cross station is established. Munitions and arms are provided. Everyone is at his post. The struggle may begin.

On churches, machine gun posts have been established to rake the streets.

Again evening. Not merely isolated shots to-day. Already a violent struggle has commenced everywhere.

Tuesday. Great demonstrations, not only of the revolutionary proletariat but also of the social-democrats. The latter protest and take the side of Scheidemann and Noske. They march through the Lindenstrasse to the "Vorwaerts" building. Their indignation is unlimited. They beat the doors, but because of the machine guns they refrain from any attempt at storming the building. Workers against workers!

The government gathers its troops, armed social-democratic workers.

The Boetzow brewery is in possession of the revolutionary workers. Liebknecht often goes there. In the night he sleeps on a billiard table in the middle of the workers.

Before the Mosse Building fierce struggles have already taken place. Two young comrades have lost their lives in its defence. The attempts of the government troops have failed, but the ammunition has become scarce. The rumour is spread that a gas attack is intended. Safety measures are taken. Every worker, young and old prepares himself for death. All are ready to die. The lack of ammunition becomes apparent. The fire hose is connected to the water hydrants and prepared for difficult situations, and as a last means of defence. The measures of isolation on the streets are intensified. No one is allowed to pass. In the house everyone is at his post and waits for what may come. An armoured car, a rattle of shots, hand grenades, the armoured car disappears, a sigh of relief.

The workers remain on the defensive and limit their struggles to the occupied buildings. The government prepares the counter-attack. Everywhere it concentrates troops.

Thursday evening. Fighting has broken out at the Anhalter Bahnhof (railway station) and at many other points in the city.

Friday, many troops arrive in Berlin from outside.

In the night of Friday-Saturday the decisive struggle begins. The government attacks with all the repressive means at its command. Bomb-throwers and guns are in action in the Berlin streets. The "Vorwaerts" is the bulwark of the revolutionary workers, and the first objective in the government attack. A rain of shots. In the Mosse Building one knows nothing of it. Cracking, the balconies fall and bury the machine gunners under them. From all sides the shooting comes.

The position is untenable. There is no hope of relief and the workers hoist the white flag and send out seven of their

number under it to negotiate. This peace offer is met by the social-democratic troops by beating and shooting the seven to death, smashing in their skulls. There is no quarter and they are beaten down under the white flag like wild beasts.

The anxious wait of the "Vorwaerts" defenders is quickly ended by a new attack. There are many wounded, many dead, little ammunition, the outside guards are short. The storm troops of the social-democratic workers advance. In the early morning hours of Saturday they occupy the "Vorwaerts" building. All found with arms are shot dead. With hands raised the revolutionaries beaten and spat upon by the soldiers, march to the barracks. Here they are placed against a wall and threatened for hours with death. A sixteen year old young corporal is ordered to shout "Long live Scheidemann!" With pale face he turns to his tormentors and calls "Live live Liebknecht!" A rifle shot and he falls dead to the ground.

In the Mosse Building the workers have just heard of the fall of the "Vorwaerts." Immediately a meeting is held and a shock troop organised to rush to the assistance of the revolutionists in the "Vorwaerts" building. Too late. Everyone thought, "Whose turn is next?"

The connections between the occupied buildings are broken. The Police Headquarters, one of the strongest positions, is also lost.

The struggle is continued independently. The defences perfected. The house was to be undermined and a speech made to the population that the workers had determined to perish with the building. Great enthusiasm.

But everybody feels that it is useless. Everywhere revolutionists are shot, and in the evening the building is evacuated without struggle. Everywhere treason, everywhere spies.

Great joy on the part of the bourgeoisie. Spartacus is dead, beaten, and will never rise again. Houses are searched, persecutions and denunciation are the order of the day.

The blood of the murdered workers does not sate the brutal soldiers, and the bourgeoisie. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg still live. "We must have them," was their slogan, and on the Fifteenth of January, striking terror in the hearts of the workers Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg are murdered.

Thus end the January days. Heroism, devotion, treason, murder, lies. The defeat of the revolutionary proletariat, the consolidation and rise of the bourgeoisie. This was the flower of the social-democratic seed, which has developed so splendidly.

But, Spartacus still lives!

"DOWN WITH THE WAR."

By SEMPER AVANTI (Berlin).

War! For one whole year mass slaughter had raged through Europe. Thousands of young men in the bloom of their youth remained on "the field of honour" and thousands were pressed forward to the gap, offering no resistance. We young workers clenched our hands in impotent anger—murder! madness! Our hearts bled, and yet, what could we do? We must also be led helplessly to the slaughter.

We turned shells, filled cartridges and packed mines, day after day, twelve hours long, day and night, we were too weak, we could do nothing.

In the dark backroom of a miserable publichouse, in one of the Berlin suburbs, he asked us, he Karl Liebknecht, he, the outcast, asked us, the young and despised workers:—

"Young comrades! Can you do nothing? Are you not young? Are you not workers? Can you not see the misery and want around you? Can you not feel the pain of those who mourn? Can you not feel the mailed fist of militarism at your throats? And still can you do nothing?"

Sixty pairs of eager eyes were directed into Liebknecht's: what can we do? And he spoke and opened their minds and filled them with hatred against militarism, against patriotism, against the truce between exploiters and exploited. "No toleration! No delay! Act! Rise! Revolt! Fight! Into the Masses! Tell them that they are betrayed, that they are sold and cheated. Awake! Refuse to go into the trenches! Throw off your uniform! Turn your rifles against your oppressors! Turn no more shells! Fill no more cartridges! Pack no more mines! Join hands with your brothers and sisters in France, in England, in America, in Russia, for they suffer with you. Be human beings! Be proletarian fighters!"

"Boys and girls! Will you do this? Will you rouse the workers, will you be the vanguard in the struggle for peace, freedom and bread?"

"We will!"

Our eyes shone, our clenched fists trembled. Then—"In the name of the law! The meeting is dissolved! Who are you! Who is in the chair? You are under arrest! And you, and you, and you, follow us. Clear out of here at once!"

"Oh! you curs! We are yet weak, we can do nothing, but we can and we shall do something and then—God help you!"

Dark night; from a dark house, obscure forms emerge. Three or four together, they hurry through various streets, they stop in front of shop windows, wooden fences and signs and make some

"DOWN WITH THE WAR!"

horrid movements, and then, looking carefully around they disappear into the dark side streets.

Next morning, depressed and shambling, the stream of workers trickles through the streets towards the factories. There, before a fence a crowd gathers. Murmurs, talks. "What's up?"

On a dirty wooden fence is a white patch. A piece of paper, only a scrap of paper, and yet there they stand before it, the talk grows, they ask and enquire. Suddenly a voice breaks the uncertainty, a young worker reads:—

"Down with the war!"

Down with militarism!

Proletarians! Arise! Down tools! On the streets!

Demonstrate for peace; for socialism, for freedom, for bread!"

The men look doubtfully around into the eyes of their fellows in misery, with questioning eyes. A red paper is handed round, the conscription order, and they go back to the factories, turn shells, fill cartridges, charge mines.

Feast day—the churches are filled with pious people. They praise their German God for his wise dispensations and pray for the Kaiser, the Empire and the beloved army, for a speedy victory and peace.

The bells of the cathedral ring, and two thousand young proletarians march along the Unter den Linden, and their cry "Down with the war!" echoes through the streets of the bourgeoisie.

Temper runs high when the police appear and they are greeted with cries of "Bloodhounds!" Now the uniformed police appear, plain clothed police who have marched in the procession seize the young workers.

The demonstration is scattered in all directions, but the cry "Down with the war!" echoes still further and re-echoes throughout the country.

The next day, the "Vorwaerts" wrote that a few boys and girls, not yet out of their "teens" had committed some "youthful stupidities."

In the workshops, the workers find leaflets on the benches, in the cloak room, in the lavatories, always with the slogan "Down with the war!" The officials of the Social-Democratic Party and the trade unions become nervous, "no foolish actions, steady commonsense, we must see it through." In the evening, from the greasy wall of the cloak room, it stares in chalk letters—

"Working men arise! Recognise your power!"

"Everything stands still if your strong arms will!"

Down with the war!"

"Who was it?" demands the foreman. Everyone is silent, regarding each other with distrust, fearing a denunciation. It is a crime to be opposed to war. It is a crime to be a man. In a corner an apprentice rejoices on his successful handiwork, and just as before, are the leaflets on the benches, in the cloakroom, in the lavatories.

In nearly all shops it is the same: Liebknecht sits in jail, but the cry, from the bench, from the vice, from the lathe, the cry "Down with the war!" becomes stronger and stronger. The number of sympathisers increases and the measures of the military become more rigorous.

News that went astray reaches us from other countries, from Italy, England, France and America. Revolutionists carry on anti-war propaganda, are arrested, are thrown into jail.

We rejoice. Now we are no longer alone. On the other side, on the side of our "enemies" there are friends who are active comrades, pioneers of the same ideas. We gain new courage to

News that went astray reaches us from other countries, from us, when Liebknecht lies in jail, we work on and organise, now firmly convinced of our final victory, for the proletarian International has been re-built through the revolutionary youth, not on paper, but on common action.

And on it goes, blow after blow, the storm grows and the cry "Down with the war! We want peace, we want freedom, we want strikes," increases in intensity and frequency, the demonstrations become larger and larger, grow and swell and end with revolution.

The work of the tireless youth was crowned. The cry "Down with the war!" was victorious. And what was the result? We know it all.

Still, we must fight, now with other slogans: "Down with the social-democratic traitors! Long live the workers' and peasants' government! For the dictatorship of the proletariat! For communist reconstruction!"



THE LAST HOURS.

On Wednesday, January 15th, 1919, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were murdered. The Burgerwehr (Civil Guard) of Wilmersdorf, a suburb of Berlin, raided the illegal dwelling of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and arrested and took them both to the Eden Hotel in Berlin, the Staff Headquarters of the Gardeschuetzen (Horse Guards) Division.

The murderers are at work. Their enemies are in their power Liebknecht the Jew, Liebknecht the Spartacist, Liebknecht the agitator and rebel, the man without a country, the man who wants to level everything, the man who wants to nationalise women, the who wants to abolish money. He, Liebknecht, is in their power.

Rosa Luxemburg is in their power. Rosa Luxemburg, the Polish Jewess, Rosa Luxemburg, the Spartacist, the agitator, the rebel, Rosa Luxemburg, Red Rosa, Bloody Rosa, Rosa Luxemburg is in their power.

And the imperialist officers of the German Republic rub their hands, Captain Pflungk-Hartung, Lieutenants Stiege, Liepmann, von Rietgen, Schulze and Heinz von Pflungk-Hartung rub their hands. Captains Hoffman, Pabst and Petry and Lieutenant Vogel and Horse Guard Runge stand at the door. All is well for the murderers.

"Swine. He'll not reach Moabit prison alive." "Nor Rosa."

Jaeger Runge hits Liebknecht, who sits in the automobile, twice on the head from behind with a rifle butt. He also hits Rosa Luxemburg over the head. She falls. Runge hits a second time and leaves her for dead. The automobile drives away into the night with Liebknecht, but NOT in the direction of Moabit, but into the Tiergarten (a large well-wooded park in the centre of Berlin). It stops in a dark side avenue. The half-senseless man is told that the motor has broken down, and is asked if he can walk. Armed soldiers bunch around him, and he is led deeper into the dark wood. Then he is struck down, a shot and somewhere in the night the wood groans.

Liebknecht is delivered to a first aid station as an "unknown man, found dead" by Lieutenant Liepmann.

Rosa Luxemburg has been dragged, senseless, into another car. Lieutenant Vogel sits at the side of the blood-soaked woman. A man strikes her again on the head with the butt of a pistol. Lieutenant Vogel puts his pistol to her head and blows her brains out with a bullet. They drive to the Landwehr canal and throw her dead body over the bridge into its dark waters. The murderers make their report. "Liebknecht shot whilst attempting to escape!" They write further, "Rosa Luxemburg lynched by an infuriated crowd."

The murderers arrange a drinking bout at the Eden Hotel. Their photographs are taken. They smile. They rub their hands. They are immune, no one dare touch them. All is well for murderers!

G. ROTTENBURGER.

SPARTACUS AND THE YOUTH.

By MAX BARTHEL.

Dedicated to Karl Radek from jail with fraternal greetings.

November, 1919.

To-day Spartacus comes to you, dear young comrades. I have been in prisons, and jails. I have been hungry and have suffered like comrades in prison.

We ate the wretched jail bread, and the thin jail soup silently, but our hearts spoke. We sat at the looms and our lips were silent, but our hearts spoke. We looked at each other and each one read clear and plain, "Courage, comrades!"

We nodded to each other "Courage, comrade." We smiled at each other (Oh, the gentle smile of prison!), and the smile said "Courage, comrade!" We shook hands secretly. "Courage, comrade!"

Sometimes we even remained silent when we might have spoken, but even our silence said "Courage, comrade!"

In the night we tapped at the walls and "spoke" with one another. We tapped "In Berlin there is a new strike," and our hearts said, "Courage, comrade!" We tapped "The red flag flies high and red again," and our hearts said "Courage, comrade!"

We tapped "Long live Liebknecht and Luxemburg!" and always our hearts said "Courage, comrade!"

I stood with Leviné at the walls and shouted with him into the murderous volley "Long live the world revolution!" And wherever comrades have died for the holy cause, in Austria, in Germany, in Russia, in America, in Hungary, in England, in Switzerland, in South Africa, and in Italy, always I have held them in a brotherly embrace and there was not one who flinched and fled, not one coward.

"Long live the world revolution!"

Dear young comrades, we have undertaken an enormous task, to build on the ruins of the Capitalist world the new, the Communist world. The son of a bricklayer, the great poet Frederick Hebbel, who has built his own world from his longings because the time had not yet come, wrote once in his painful diary: "a spoiled revolution is a spoiled century." I need not tell you how our revolution was spoiled. You have for yourselves lived and fought through those damned and shameful months.

How the so-called socialist governments have robbed the workers and soldiers of one position after another.

How, in Germany, they dissolve the workers' soviets in order to bind them in the "constitution."

How they, the majority socialists in Germany, the Mensheviks in Russia, the social democrats in Hungary, persecuted and murdered the Communist workers through white guards.

We are pledged to this time, dear young comrades, we are pledged to the fifteen thousand dead of the German revolution, to the thousands and hundreds of thousands in the prisons, to the twelve million dead soldiers on the battlefields, to the women and children, to the cripples and the old people, to all these we are pledged. Oh! we have done much too little for the revolution.

Therefore, I go to each of you: "What have you done for the movement?" "What have you, brother?" "What have you, sister?"

The proletarian revolution is no easy exercise. There, are many roots drawn, and the result is not always a whole number!

Proletarian revolution, proletarian dictatorship, does not mean deliverance, it means the decisive step towards deliverance.

Proletarian dictatorship is not laziness, it is labour.

Proletarian dictatorship means selflessness.

Proletarian dictatorship means to expect from oneself and one's comrades the highest.

Proletarian dictatorship is not club chairs and motor cars, but is the highest exertion of forces.

Proletarian dictatorship is not peace, it is war, externally and internally.

Proletarian dictatorship is more than machine guns and Red Guards.

Proletarian dictatorship after ceaseless efforts, after blood and hunger, labour, terror, fraternisation and manifestation is the classless society, it is delivered humanity.

The struggle for freedom is an age-long struggle, generations and whole peoples call for its sake. Dying and bloody they still cry to their descendants "Forward!"

Many of us will yet fill the jails, many of us will yet die the sacred death in the street battles, but the others, you and you, and I. We shall descend from the mountain Horeb into the promised land. No milk and honey will flow, yet woods will cool us and flowers greet us and only the eternal stars will roof us.

And we shall build up the workers' state, and Red Guards will watch our border lines. And there we shall give a substance to our longings and our dreams.

But, to-day, we shall turn like Karl Liebknecht in November, 1918. To-day we shall call like he called: "Comrades, we come!"

KARL LIEBKNECHT AND THE WORKING CLASS YOUTH.

By NICOLAI BUCHARIN.

In the Russian Embassy in Berlin we celebrated the release of Comrade Karl Liebknecht from prison. Many people were present—the society was rather mixed. There was the old revolutionist Mehring with snowy white hair, his body was already half-dead, but his spirit still scintillated. There were Haase and Barth and many others with famous names and famous pasts. We all celebrated the freedom of "Karl." Some in the belief that his enthusiasm would lead the masses through the struggles. Others, in dark fear that this "eccentric" might not interrupt the normal course of things.

All spoke, but no one made such a deep impression upon me as a young worker. A young man with one arm and a thin face with yellow cheeks. He spoke with such a firm belief in our victory that every revolutionist present felt that such a generation must be victorious.

Karl himself felt this also. I remember the scene as though it were yesterday. A long table, at one end of which the young comrade was sitting as Liebknecht rose to make his answering speech he turned his face towards the young man and his back was towards almost everyone else. Most of what Liebknecht said was addressed to him, for there existed a close connection; the bound together. Liebknecht was always surrounded by the youth, it was these "children" who above all took part in the street battles and demonstrations.

Some days later the young comrade was injured in a street fight—a police sword had hit his arm-stump.

Mehring no longer lives, and Liebknecht is dead; even Haase has been buried by the hangman of Scheidemann. I do not know whether the young comrade with the one arm still lives. But this I know—the German working class youth still lives, the proletariat still lives, the revolutionary spirit with which Liebknecht was baptised still lives.

This spirit once again begins to fume in the country of Noske. The day will come when it will avenge its murdered prophets and leaders.

BANNERS HIGH!

By EDWIN HOERNLE (Berlin).

Ninth of November! Workers and soldiers on the streets. Workers and soldiers have crushed militarism and struck a deadly blow at the war. At the head of all, the working class youth! The youth bears the sacrifice, the youth leads the attack! Young workers, young soldiers upset thrones and drive ministers and kings to the devil. From all palaces, parliaments, town houses, red flags are waving. Greetings to Russia, greetings to Italy, greetings to the revolutionary workers of the entire world! But old socialists—traitors—take the vacant seats. From the dark corners, in which they hid themselves crawl capitalist, bureaucrat and junker officer. Once again they lift their heads and replace their epaulettes. The mass of the adult workers is not ripe for the power. The workers' councils destroy themselves. The counter-revolution establishes itself as the social democratic government.

Unemployment and hunger, need and chaos in the country. Machine guns shoot on striking workers as in the best days of the Hohenzollern regime. The revolution remains a weak shoot and dies. Spartacus warns, is angry, calls for the struggle. The socialist youth stands bravely on its side. It takes its place in the extreme forefront. Glowing will for revolution fights in bold street battle against armed treason. The young liberty sinks to the ground in chains. Roll up the banner!

Berlin shall speak. Berlin for its many sisters, for Bremen, Hamburg, Halle, Dusseldorf, Duisburg, Hamborn, Stuttgart, Munich, for all the towns where revolutionary workers fought and died. Berlin shall tell of the delegates from the "Vorwaerts" whom Westarp had beaten to death, of the shot prisoners in the barracks. The Spree still, in March, for weeks vomits its dead. Berlin shall tell of the young working boy who might have bought his life by shouting "Long live Scheidemann" and whose pale lips called, "Long live Liebknecht!" Shots. He is no more.

He is no more? They are not dead, brothers, whom we bury. Not dead are Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, Leo Jogiches and Leviné and the innumerable others. They live in us! In us they must live! In the hearts of the young workers above all, when in sacred hours they look back on the long bloody Golgatha of their class, when they with eager eyes look forward on the shining road of the socialist future.

Will, will, awaken! Brain, think! Tongue speak! Hand clench for action! Patience! Determined patience! Waiting valour! Till Liebknecht lives a hundred thousandfold and Rosa Luxemburg flames in millions of proletarian hearts.

And then—forward! Then, banners high! Then, ride down

BANNERS HIGH.

what bars your path; be tide, not only wave! The eyes of the International are directed towards Germany. In the hands of the German working class lies the future. It is the working class youth that must drive onward, spur on, be the vanguard. We fight for the glory of highest responsibility. We want to live in the idea and for the idea. The idea above all! Long live revolutionary international socialism!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By WALT WHITMAN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquet and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores

[a-crowding,

For you the call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning,
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

LIEBKNECHT SPEAKS!

The following is an extract from "A Non-Political Judgment on Liebknecht," written by the bourgeois author, Schumann.

It was a frequent picture in the days of the revolution, a demonstration of soldiers, workers and women. At the head Liebknecht. The procession stops, Liebknecht is lifted. He seems to



be embodied calmness amidst the feverish excitement of the masses—a peculiar contrast. Some minutes he waits until the noise has passed. Now there is a dead silence over the innumerable masses. Suddenly Liebknecht with a quick movement tears the hat from his head! "Comrades, men and women!"

And slowly he speaks, giving such words the power of reflection. Short sentences, no confusing constructions. He wants to hammer

LIEBKNECHT SPEAKS.

his words home into the minds of his audience. From his words speaks a passion for the cause which he represents, and in which the masses believe. After a few minutes he has, as he himself feels clearly, the masses in his power and immediately, like an electric spark, it jumps from the one to the other. The masses listen to his words with enthusiasm and devotion. And some of those are in his power who, before were his opponents and will be his opponents afterwards. He looks like an apostle on his mission there above. Who has heard him speak, will never forget the impression. A people's tribune, the short-cut hair, the great glasses quite close to his eyes, thus a leader of the proletariat must look. With clenched fists and movements of his head he underlines the words that he considers important. Soon the masses are fascinated, Liebknecht still intensifies the power of his words. Until a call comes from the masses, "Long live Liebknecht!"

Liebknecht speaks, this was a peculiar spectacle of an immense suggestive power, which this man radiated upon the masses, and which the masses reflected. Even a very strong enemy of Liebknecht admitted: "Who listens to him is really deluded for a second"

To-day there is no such man as Liebknecht. No one could escape his power, and the masses least of all. This was previously unheard of in Germany. True power does not consist in the ability of giving orders, but in the winning of human minds and human hearts by means of personality. But such power can be possessed only by a man who has fought with the devil in a desert, who is full of deep internal experiences. In this sense Liebknecht—who has never in his life sat at a government table—was stronger than all the rulers of the world. What, then, had that immense effect in his speeches? Not the rightness of ideas, not the power of reason, but the indestructible belief in his own ideal, which he conquered in fights and suffering, his internal power to idealism and, last but not least, his powerful teaching.

YET ONE HAS RAISED HIS HEAD.

By HENRY BARBUSSE, from "*Under Fire*."

In the East and in the West was the spirit of Liebknecht, and this spirit called louder and more urgently than the thunder of the guns, and stronger than prison walls....And from the war book of Barbusse it echoes:—

"Bertrand was used to speak very little ordinarily, and never of himself. But he said, 'I've got three of them on my hands. I struck like a madman. Ah, we were all like beasts when we got here!'"

He raised his voice and there was a restrained tremor in it: "It was necessary," he said, "it was necessary for the future's sake."

He crossed his arms and tossed his head: "The future!" he cried all at once as a prophet might. "How will they regard this slaughter, they who'll live after us, to whom progress—which comes as sure as fate—will at last restore the poise of their conscience? How will they regard these exploits which even we who perform them don't know whether one should compare them with those of Plutarch's and Corneille's heroes or with those of hooligans and apaches?"

"And for all that, mind you," Bertrand went on, "there is one figure that has risen above the war, and will blaze with the beauty and strength of his courage——"

I listened, leaning on a stick and towards him, drinking in the voice that came in the twilight from the lips that so rarely spoke. He cried with a clear voice, "Liebknecht!"

He stood up with his arms still crossed. His face as profoundly serious as a statute's, dropped upon his chest. But he emerged once again from his marble muteness to repeat, "The future, the future! The work of the future will be to wipe out the present, to wipe out more than we can imagine, to wipe it out like something abominable and shameful. And yet—this present—it had to be, it had to be! Shame on military glory, shame on armies, shame on the soldier's calling, that changes men by turns into stupid victims or ignoble brutes. Yes, shame. That's the true word, but it's *too* true; it's true in eternity, but it's not yet true for us. It will be true when there is a Bible that is entirely true, when it is found written among the other truths that a purified mind will at the same time let us understand. We are still lost, still exiled far from that time. In our time of to-day, in *these* moments, this truth is hardly more than a fallacy, this sacred saying is only blasphemy!"

A kind of laugh came from him, full of echoing dreams—"To think I once told them I believed in prophecies, just to kid them!"

ONE HAS RAISED HIS HEAD.

I sat down by Bertrand's side. This soldier who had always done more than was required of him and survived notwithstanding, stood at that moment in my eyes for those who incarnate a lofty moral conception, who have the strength to detach themselves from the bustle of circumstances, and who are destined, however little their path may run through a splendour of events to dominate their time.

"I have always thought all those things," I murmured.

"Ah!" said Bertrand. We looked at each other without a word, with a little surprised self-communion. After this full silence he spoke again. "It's time to start duty; take your rifle and come."

CONTENTMENT.

By HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

There is a point beyond which longing ends,
Where no more yearning is, nor any hope
Above the present need; where thought descends
To common earth, and wishes cease to grope.
Contentment men have called it; and they make
Of it a thing most diligently sought.
Not so with me: I would forever break
The fragile thread of which content is wrought.

Give me the will to speak; the thought that lifts
The humble heart on pinions of desire.
It is the weak, the stagnant soul that drifts
In calm content—too feeble to aspire.
Who finds most Life must most for living strive;
For only by our longings do we live.

LIEBKNECHT.

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

It was black night over the world, when you died,
Liebknecht.
Black, except for the new Red Star
In the East.
And, through the murk,
There was weeping and angry turmoil.
And still,
O brother, leader of youth,
Straight clear flame of revolt,
The darkness lies over the world—
Except for that one Red Star,
Star of hope and battle.
Hunger is on Germany,
And slavery. And slavery everywhere.
Out of the black, a trumpet call.
Oh, gathering strength, arise!
Unfold yourself, new power,
Out of the darkness.
New shapes, become sharp-edged
In the dusk—
Sharp shapes of menace:
Menace to the enthroned masters,
The gluttoned ones who crucified you.
Liebknecht,
We cannot fitly praise you,
With song and feast,
For we are hard-pressed soldiers
In the midst of battle.
But, on the clear fresh morning,
After the Last Battle,
When the guns of the workers
Frown masterfully from all places of power,
Then shall we salute you;
Then we shall fire a great salute for you,
Out of a hundred guns,
Oh, Liebknecht, Comrade!
Out of the iron throats of victory,
By the shrill voices of a thousand swords,
By the clanging of broken chains,
And the crashing song of a conquering class,
Shall we greet you,
Brave and beloved one, who,
From afar off,
Foretold and saluted our dawn.

THE WEAVERS.

By HEINRICH HEINE.

From darkened eyes no tears are falling;
Gnashing our teeth, we sit here calling:
"Germany, listen, ere we disperse,
We weave your shroud with a triple curse—
We weave, we are weaving!"

"A curse to the false god that we prayed to,
And worshipped in spite of all, and obeyed, too.
We waited and hoped and suffered in vain;
He laughed at us, sneering, for all of our pain—
We weave, we are weaving!"

"A curse to the king, and a curse to his coffin,
The rich man's king whom our plight could not soften;
Who took our last penny by taxes and cheats,
And let us be shot like the dogs in the streets—
We weave, we are weaving!"

"A curse to the Fatherland, whose face is
Covered with lies and foul disgraces;
Where the bud is crushed as it leaves the seed,
And the worm grows fat on corruption and greed—
We weave, we are weaving!"

"The shuttle flies in the creaking loom;
And night and day we weave your doom—
Old Germany, listen, ere we disperse,
We weave your shroud with a triple curse.
We weave, we are weaving!"

FAREWELL OF THE "NEUE RHEINISCHE ZEITUNG."

MAY 19th, 1849.

By F. FREILEGRATH.

No open blow in an open fight,
But with quips and with quirks they arraign me,
By creeping treachery's secret blight
The Western Calmucks have slain me.
The fatal shaft in the dark did fly;
I was struck by an ambushed knave;
And here in the pride of my strength I lie,
Like a corpse of a rebel brave!

With a deathless scorn in my dying breath,
In my hand the sword still cherished;
"Rebellion" still for my shout of death,
In my manhood untainted, I perished.
Oh! gladly, full gladly, the Pruss and the Czar
The grass from my grave would clear;
But Germany sends me, with Hungary far,
Three salvoes to honour my bier.

And the tattered poor man takes his stand,
On my head the cold sods heaving;
He casts them down with a diligent hand,
Where the glory of toil is cleaving.
And a garland of flowers and may be brought
On my burning wounds to cast;
His wife and his daughters the wreath had wrought
When the work of the day was past.

Farewell! Farewell!! thou turbulent life!
Farewell to ye! armies engaging!
Farewell! cloud canopied fields of strife,
Where the greatness of war is raging!
Farewell! but not forever farewell!
They can not kill the spirit, my brother!
In thunder I'll rise on the field where I fell,
More boldly to fight out another.

When the last of crowns like glass shall break,
On the scene our sorrows have haunted,
And the People the last dread "Guilty!" shall speak,
On your side ye shall find me undaunted,
On Rhine, or on Danube, in word and deed,
Ye shall witness, true to his vow,
On the wrecks of thrones, in the midst of the freed,
The rebel who greets you now!

PRELUDE TO PROPAGANDA.

By S. P.

Go! my venom-fashioned words,
Go! little scorpions,
Fly forth and sting!

Sting the master, sting the slave,
Sting wage-slavery to its grave,
Sting the serf in mine and mill,
Sting him to revolt, until
His age-old helotry at last
Is buried with the serfdoms of the past
Where Freedom's Dawn is red upon the hill.

Oh, give me deeper venom for my words!
Go! little scorpions,
Fly forth and sting!

Sting the master till he bleeds
Blood-red drops at every pore—
Drops as red
As the tears of little children shed,
In shaft of mine or on the factory floor;
Or as the blood of Labour's martyrs, which has run
Red from the slugger's club, the bayonet, the gun—

Not him alone!
Go! sting the slave!

Sting him! as he sinks beneath the load,
Sting him! as he writhes beneath the whip,
Sting him! deeper than the master's goad,
Sting him! till at last the slave lets slip
The leash on all the pent-up hatreds of his class
And sounds the hour of triumph for the mass,
When all the tyrannies of earth go down in one red wave,
And Freedom stands, her foot upon the grave.

Go! my venom-dipped ones,
Go! little scorpions,
Fly forth and sting!

ORDER IS ESTABLISHED IN BERLIN.

By ROSA LUXEMBURG.

The following is the last article of Rosa Luxemburg written the day before her brutal murder and published in the "Rote Fahne," on the actual day of the crime.

"Order is established in Warsaw," reported Minister Sebastiani in 1831 to the Paris Chamber, when, after the terrible storming of the suburb of Praga, and the taking of Warsaw, the soldier gangs of Paskievitch commenced their hangman's work amongst the rebels.

"Order is established in Berlin!" triumphantly announces Ebert, announces Noske, announce the officers of the "victorious troops" to whom the Berlin petty bourgeois mob waved their handkerchiefs and hurrahed! The glory and honour of the German arms are saved before the world! The deplorably defeated of Flanders and the Argonne have re-established their reputation by their glorious victory, over the three hundred Spartacists in the "Vorwaerts." The days of the first glorious invasion of Belgium by German troops, the days of General von Emmich, the conqueror of Lutich, pale into insignificance before the deeds of Reinhard and his comrades in the streets of Berlin. The massacre of the delegates sent out to negotiate the surrender of the "Vorwaerts" the delegates who were beaten unrecognisable with rifle butts by the soldiers of the government so that the identification of the bodies was impossible; the prisoners who were put against a wall and murdered in such a manner that skulls were smashed and brains scattered—who would remember, in the face of such glorious deeds and the shameful defeats before the French, the English, and the Americans? "Spartacus" is the enemy, and Berlin is the place where our officers know how to fight; and Noske, the "worker," is the general who knows how to succeed where Ludendorff has failed.

Who does not remember at this time the victory madness of the "law and order" gang in Paris, the bacchanal of the bourgeoisie over the bodies of the fighters of the Commune, the same bourgeoisie who had just previously miserably capitulated before the Prussians, surrendered their capital city to the external enemy and themselves fled like the cowards they were. But against the half-starved and badly armed proletariat of Paris, against the defenceless wives and children—how did the manly courage of the sons of the bourgeoisie of the "golden youth," of the officers recover itself! How did the bravery of the sons of Mars, which had so drooped before the external enemy, recover itself in bestial atrocities on the unarmed, on the prisoners, on the dead!

"Order is established in Warsaw!" "Order is established

ORDER IS ESTABLISHED.

in Paris!" "Order is established in Berlin!" So run the reports of the defenders of "order" every half-century from the one centre of the world historical fight to the other. And the joyous "victors" do not understand that an "order" which requires periodical and bloody massacres for its maintenance inevitably approaches its historical fate—collapse. What was the last "Spartacus week" in Berlin, what were its causes, what does it teach us? In the middle of the fight, in the middle of the victory howl of the counter-revolution, the revolutionary proletariat must draw up a reckoning of the happenings, must calculate the events on the great historical measure. The revolution has no time to lose, it still thunders on—over still open graves, over "victories" and "defeats" towards its final end. To follow its directing lines, its path, consciously is the first task in the fight for international socialism.

Was a final victory of the proletariat in this battle, was an overthrow of the Ebert-Scheidemann and an establishment of the socialist dictatorship to be expected? Absolutely not, when one considers with care all the factors which decide the problem. The weak spot of the revolutionary movement in this time, the political immaturity of the mass of the soldiers who allowed themselves to be misused by their officers for counter-revolutionary action against the people—is alone a proof that a lasting victory for the revolution in this conflict was impossible. In any case the immaturity of the soldiers was merely a symptom of the general immaturity of the German revolution.

The countryside, from which is drawn a great percentage of soldiers, is now as before hardly touched by the revolution. Berlin is still as good as isolated from the rest of the country. It is true that in the provinces the revolutionary centres—the Rhineland, the north coast, Braunschweig, Saxony, Wurttemberg—are heart and soul with the Berlin proletariat. But uniformity of action would have rendered the attack of the Berlin working class and their ability to strike incomparably more effective. Furthermore, the deeper reason for the political unpreparedness of the revolution, the economic struggle, the actual volcanic source which continually feeds the revolutionary class struggles, is yet in its opening stages.

The result of all this is that one could not expect a lasting victory at this time. Was, therefore, the struggle of the last week a "mistake?" Yes, if it were an intentional advance or a so-called "Putsch." What was, however, the commencement of the last fighting week? As in all previous cases, as on the 6th of December, as on the 24th of December, it was a brutal provocation on the part of the government. Like the bloodbath given to the unarmed demonstration in the Chausseestrasse, like the massacre of the sailors, so this time, an attempt against the

Berlin Police Headquarters was the reason for all subsequent events. The revolution does not operate freely, in an unhindered space, according to a carefully worked out strategical plan. The opponents have also initiative in the matter, usually even much more than the revolutionists themselves.

Confronted with the fact, the insolent provocation of the Ebert-Scheidemanns, the revolutionary working class was forced to take up arms. The honour of the revolution demanded the immediate repulse of the attack with all energy, otherwise the counter-revolution would have been encouraged to further attacks, and the revolutionary ranks of the proletariat, and the moral credit of the German revolution in the International, shaken.

The immediate opposition came spontaneously and with such natural energy from the Berlin masses that from the first the moral victory lay with the "street."

It is an axiom of the revolution never to remain in inactivity after the first successful step. The best manifestation of power is a heavy blow. This elementary rule of struggle dominates especially every step of the revolution. It is natural, and is proof of the healthy instincts, and of the fresh power of the Berlin proletariat, that it did not content itself with the reinstatement of Eichhorn, but that it spontaneously occupied the most powerful posts of the counter-revolution—the bourgeois press buildings, the buildings of the semi-official news service and the "Vorwaerts" building. All these measures resulted from the instinctive knowledge of the workers that the counter-revolution would not remain inactive under its defeat, but would force a general trial of strength.

Here we stand before one of the great historical laws of the revolution, against which all the pedantic cleverness of the little "revolutionists" of the Independent Social-Democratic Party, who in each fight merely search for pretexts to retreat, are wrecked. Immediately the basic problem of the revolution is defined, and in this revolution it is the overthrow of the Ebert-Scheidemann government as the first hindrance for the victory of socialism, it confronts us again and again in all its actuality in every single episode of the fight, may the revolution be ever so unready for its solution, may the situation be ever so unripe. "Down with the Ebert-Scheidemanns!"—this slogan confronts us in every revolutionary crisis as the only exhaustive formula in all partial conflicts, and through its own inner objective logic, whether one will or not, forces every episode of the fight to its utmost point.

From this contradiction between the sharpening of the task and the lack of the preliminary conditions for its solution in the opening phases of the revolutionary development, results that the partial struggles of the revolution formally end with defeats. The revolution is the only form of war—this is its special axiom

ORDER IS ESTABLISHED.

—in which the final victory can only be prepared by a number of defeats.

What does the whole history of modern revolution and of socialism show? The first outbreaks of the class-struggle in Europe—the revolt of the Lyon's silk weavers—ended in a heavy defeat. The Chartist movement in England, in a defeat. The revolt of the Paris proletariat in June, 1848, with a crushing defeat. The Paris commune of 1871, ended with a terrible defeat. The whole path of socialism, so far as revolutionary fights are concerned, is paved with defeats.

And yet this same history leads inevitably, step by step, to the final end! Where would we be to-day without these "defeats" from which we have drawn our historical experience, knowledge, power, idealism? To-day, when we are near the final struggle of the proletarian class wars, we base ourselves on these defeats, with none of which we can dispense, each one is a part of our strength and understanding.

With the revolutionary struggle it is exactly contrary to parliamentary struggle. We had in Germany, through four decades of parliamentary action, gone from victory to victory and in the great historical trial of August 4th, 1914 the result was an annihilating moral and political defeat, an unheard of collapse, an unequalled bankruptcy. The revolution has brought us till now only defeats, but these inevitable defeats accumulate guarantee on guarantee for a future victory.

However, under one condition, it is a question under what circumstances the defeats have been suffered, whether they resulted from the pressure of the advancing masses against the limits of the immature historical preliminary conditions or whether the defeats of the revolutionary actions were caused through half-heartedness, indecision or internal weakness.

Classic examples for both cases are on the one hand the French February Revolution, and on the other the German March revolution. The heroic action of the Paris proletariat in 1848, has become a living source of class energy for the whole international proletariat. The poverty of the German March revolution has dragged upon the whole modern revolution like a manacle. It has affected the history of the official German social-democracy up to the present dramatic crisis.

How does the defeat of "Spartacus week" appear in the light of the above historic problem? Did it result from the pressure of the advancing masses against the limits of the immature situation, or did it arise from the weaknesses and half-heartedness of the action?

Both! The double character of this fight, the contradiction between the powerful, determined, offensive attitude of the Berlin

masses and the indecision, hesitation and half-heartedness of the Berlin leaders are the special characteristics of this episode.

The leaders have failed. But leaders can and must be newly created out of the masses, and by the masses. The masses are the deciding factor, they are the rock on which the final victory of the revolution is based. The masses were on the heights, they have forged this "defeat" as a link in the chain of those defeats that are the pride and the strength of international socialism. And therefore, the future victory will spring from this "defeat."

"Order is established in Berlin!" You fools! Your "order" is built on sand! To-morrow the revolution will arise again majestic and to your terror announce with a voice of thunder:—"I was, I am, I am to be!"



LIEBKNECHT AS AN ARMY CONSCRIPT.

(50)

IN SPITE OF ALL!

By KARL LIEBKNECHT.

On the day before his murder, Karl Liebknecht wrote the following for the "Rote Fahne." It proved to be his last article.

General storm against Spartacus! "Down with the 'Spartacists!'" The shouts resound through the side-streets. "Seize them!" "Shoot them!" "Bayonet them!" "Trample them underfoot!" "Tear them to pieces!" Atrocities which put those of the German troops in Belgium into the shade, are committed everywhere.

"SPARTACUS SMASHED!"

The shout of jubilation runs from the "Morgenpost" to the "Vorwaerts"†. "Spartacus smashed!" And the disarmament of the revolutionary workers, and the re-established imperial police with rifle, sabre and revolver will seal its defeat.

"Spartacus smashed!" Yes, the revolutionary workers of Reinhardt, under the machine guns of General Luettwitz the elections for the Constituent Assembly will take place as a plebiscite for Napoleon-Ebert.

"Spartacus smashed!" Yes, the revolutionary workers of Berlin have been defeated, hundreds of their best have been thrown into prison. Yes, they are defeated, for they were abandoned by the sailors, by the soldiers, by the safety troops, by the people's guard, whose help they firmly expected. Their strength was wasted by the indecision and weakness of their leaders, and the immense counter-revolutionary backwash of the propertied classes, overwhelmed and drowned them. Yes, they were defeated, for history had demanded that they should be. The time was not then ripe. But yet, the struggle itself was inevitable. To surrender the Police Headquarters, the stronghold of the Revolution, without resistance to Ernst and Hirsch would have been a shameful defeat. The fight was forced upon the workers by the Ebert gang, and it burst from the Berlin masses violently, brushing aside all doubts and objections. . . . And Ebert, Scheidemann, Noske have won, they have won for the militarists, for the bureaucrats, for the junkers of industry and agriculture, for the parsons, the priests, for the moneybags. And all that was narrow, limited and mean stood with them and fought victoriously with rifle, bomb and bayonet.

But there are defeats which are victories and victories which are defeats. The vanquished of the bloody January week have fought gloriously. They have fought for a great cause, for the noblest aims of suffering humanity, for the mental and material salvation

† Official Organ of the Social-Democratic Party.

* Chief Conservative Organ.

of the tortured masses. They have shed only sacred blood, blood made sacred by this fight, and for every drop of this blood, dragon's seed for the victors of to-day, avengers of the fallen will arise, new fighters for the cause which is as unforgettable and eternal as the firmament. The defeated of to-day will be the victors of to-morrow, for this defeat is their instruction. The proletariat still lacks revolutionary tradition, and experiences, and only by tentative actions and youthful errors, by painful defeats and failures, can it gain the practical training which guarantees its future success. For the fundamental forces of the Revolution, the unceasing growth of which is the natural law of social development, every defeat spells—swift recovery.

And over defeat and defeat the way leads to victory.

But what of the victors of to-day? For a criminal cause they carry on their criminal bloody work. For the powers of the past for the deadly enemies of the proletariat.

Already they are defeated, for they are the prisoners of those whom they intended to use as their tools, but whose tools they always were. Their name is still the cover, but they have only a little longer to live. They stand already in the Pillory of History. Never were there such Judases in the world, not only have they betrayed their most sacred trust, but they have crucified it with their own hands. As in August, 1914, the official German Social Democracy sank deeper than any other Social Democratic Party, so now at the dawn of the social revolution it presents the most detestable picture.

The French bourgeoisie was forced to take the butchers of 1848 and 1871 from its own ranks. The German bourgeoisie was saved that trouble—"Social-Democrats" carry out the dirty butchers' work, the bloody coward work. Their Cavaignac, their Gallifet is called Noske, "the Germano worker."

Pealing bells called for the slaughter music and waving handkerchiefs greeted the soldier gangs, rescuers of capitalism from "bolshhevik terror." The powder still smokes. The fires still smoulder. The murdered workers still lie. The wounded still groan, and there they hold the parade of the murder troops, swollen with the pride of victory. Ebert—Scheidemann—Noske.

Dragon seed! Already the proletariat of the world turns from them with a shudder, from those who dare to offer their hands, hands streaming with the blood of German workers, to the International.

They are rejected with disgust and loathing even by those who themselves abandoned their socialism during the world war. Stained outcasts from the pale of decent humanity, whipped out of the International, hated and cursed by every revolutionary proletariat, thus they stand before the world.

And all Germany is shamed by them. Brother traitors rule the people—brother murderers. "Give me paper, I must write it down. . . ." Oh, their glory cannot last long—a short time and they will be judged!

Firebrands, throw their theses into millions of hearts, firebrands of revolt. The proletarian revolution which they intended to drown in blood, it will tower above them, gigantic. And its first word will be: down with the murderers of the workers, Ebert, Schedieman, Noske.

The defeated of to-day have already learned, they have recovered from the insanity of relying upon leaders who have proved weak and incapable, they have recovered from a belief in the Independent Social-Democratic Party which has abandoned them faithlessly. They can rely only on themselves, they will fight their own battles in the future, their future victories. And the truth that the liberation of the working class can only be the work of the working class, has received a new and deep significance through the bitter experience of this week. The deceived soldiers also will realise the nature of their tasks, when they feel the knout of re-established militarism. They too will wake from their stupor.

Spartacus smashed!—not so fast! We have not fled, we are not defeated, and if they fetter us, we are there, and we remain there and victory will be ours.

For Spartacus means fire and spirit, means soul and heart, means will and action of the proletarian revolution; means all the suffering and longing for happiness, all the determination of the class-conscious proletariat to struggle. For Spartacus means socialism and world revolution.

The Golgatha of the working class has not yet ended, but the day of salvation approaches. The day of trial for Ebert, Scheidemann, Noske, and for the capitalists rulers who hide behind them. Events rise high to the sky; we are used to being thrown from the heights to the depths—but our ship continues its straight course firmly towards its goal.

Whether we still live when the end is attained, our programme will live. It will rule the world of a saved humanity, in spite of all!

Under the rumblings of the approaching economic collapse, the still sleeping masses of the proletariat will awaken as from the trumpets of the last judgment, and the corpses of the murdered fighters will arise again and demand a reckoning from the curse-laden criminals.

To-day, only the underground mutterings of the volcano. To-morrow it will burst and bury them all in a torrent of glowing ashes and streams of lava.

KARL LIEBKNECHT AND ROSA LUXEMBURG MURDERED!

The following manifesto was issued by the National Executive Committee of the Communist Party of Germany immediately after the announcement had been confirmed that Liebknecht and Luxemburg had been murdered.

To the Working-men and Working-women of Germany!

To the Revolutionary Soldiers of Germany!

The Ebert-Scheidemann Government has murdered Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The reports on their murder which it spreads are complete lies. Karl Liebknecht was not shot "whilst attempting to escape," for the simple reason that he had never any intention to escape. Karl Liebknecht was murdered by the soldier gangs of the Ebert-Scheidemann Government, in as cowardly a manner, as those unarmed proletarians of the "Vorwaerts" whose dead bodies lie in the courtyard of the Alexander Barracks. Rosa Luxemburg was shot by "some person or persons unknown," whilst in the automobile, say a lying report of the Government. But no one will believe that someone could jump into an automobile going at full speed and guarded by armed soldiers, and select a victim from the many persons in the automobile. Either Rosa Luxemburg was transported without a guard so that a hired murderer might kill her, or she was murdered by the soldier gangs of Ebert and Scheidemann. The disappearance of her dead body has destroyed all traces of the murder.

Before the German proletariat, before the international working class, we fling the indictment into the face of the Ebert-Scheidemann Government. No explanations and excuses can wash them clean from the accusation, and if they attempt to lay the blame upon the officers, upon the soldiers, then the workers of Germany will answer them:—

You are not only murderers, you are cowards, who placed the power over the life and death of the Berlin proletariat in the hands of Maeker, of Luettwitz, and of the other bloodhounds of William II.—if not the Government of Ebert and Scheidemann. Who allowed the brutal shooting of the seven unarmed delegates from the occupied "Vorwaerts" to go unpunished, and in this way gave to the incited soldier gangs a free pardon for every murder—if not the Government of Ebert and Scheidemann?

After they had, with the hands of the "golden youth" mercenaries and generals, crushed the Berlin proletariat, they attempted through the cowardly murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to render the German proletariat leaderless in order to sell it undisturbed to the capitalist class in the Constituent Assembly.

Working-men and working-women of Germany!

Revolutionary soldiers!

In sight of the fresh corpses of the great leaders of the pro-

letarian revolution, our words are too weak to express the feelings which fill both our hearts and yours. Neither regrets nor curses are in place here. The dead will live for ever in the heart of the German proletariat, in the heart of the international proletariat, together with those, who, in the moment when the social-democracy sold the German proletariat to the moloch of world war, heroically raised the standard of the proletariat and called the revolutionary workers to the fight to loosen the claws of a people annihilating capitalism. Their names will for ever be inscribed in the book of the International, together with the names of those who, in the moment of the butchery of the world proletariat, in the struggle of world capital, have shouted the old battle cry: "Workers of the world, unite!" Now is no time for lamentation, no time to blindly wreak personal vengeance for the murder of our great champions on the murderers. Now we must swear on their bloody corpses to carry their work through to its end, to plant the flag of the proletarian revolution on the battlements of capitalism, and on the buildings of the traitorous, social-patriotic government. A long struggle is before us.

In this struggle we must not be led by feelings, but by clear understanding and cool reckoning. We know well that many from our ranks will strive to make Scheidemann, Ebert and Noske pay for the cowardly murders with their lives. Workers! We warn you against terroristic attempts on the leaders of the traitorous government. In the place of the one dead traitor another will step. German capitalism is rich enough to buy new Jadases, and it will use every attempt against the most sacred persons of the government of its pleasure only as an occasion to try its newly sharpened swords on your heads, so long as you are not gathered for the final struggle. And because the moment for this decisive struggle is not yet here, we warn you again every premature blow.

Workers! The Berlin civil war of January 6th to 12th, which was provoked by the Scheidemann Government has ended with a defeat of the proletariat. It is obvious that a considerable section of the working class is not yet free from the influence of the social patriotic traitors. Only in a few places in Germany were the workers able to make the Workers' and Soldiers Councils bulwarks against the government of capitalistic lackeys. Every premature armed act will merely give the government of Ebert and Scheidemann the opportunity of breaking the proletarian vanguard before the large mass can come to its assistance.

Our victory is certain. The government, which is the watchdog of capital, will be helpless in the face of the increasing unemployment. The government, which lies flat on its stomach before Entente capital will receive from it no bread, but only kicks, and the government will not dare to take this bread from

the junkers and the big peasants. It has broken off relations, with Russia, with the Russia of the workers that has offered us bread. Hunger and unemployment will drive those workers into our ranks who, to-day stand behind Scheidemann and Ebert. Quicker than they expect will the Scheidemanns be taken by their throats by that same proletarian revolution which they now believe defeated, disarmed and destroyed.

Working-men and working-women! Revolutionary soldiers of Germany!

Go from factory to factory, from workshop to workshop. Point to the dead bodies of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and say, "Those who have exploited and suppressed us for decades, the factory owners, junkers, bankers and business men, they flourish under the protection of the Ebert-Scheidemann government. They waste your goods, the goods that your hands have produced, but Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, who have fought and suffered all their lives for the liberation of the proletariat, they are dead, murdered by the mercenaries of the Ebert-Scheidemann government. Will you tolerate this?"

Bethmann and Jagow who forced us into war, Ludendorff, Hindenburg and Falkenhayn, who poured out our hearts' blood, in this war, they live freely, they can travel abroad with the permission of the Ebert-Scheidemann government. To these, Hindenburg, Luettwitz, Maerker, the Ebert-Scheidemann government has given the power of life and death over you. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, however, who have protected you with their bodies against the terrors of war, they lie murdered by the mercenaries of the Ebert-Scheidemann government. Will you tolerate this?

When the proletarian feelings of the working men and working women revolt against this, then tell them—you must fight! On the day when all that which was mortal of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg is returned to the earth, no class conscious worker must remain in the workshop and sweat for capitalism; every proletarian in whose veins there is still red blood must go into the streets on that day, without arms. Peacefully the proletarian masses must march through the streets and from their mouths the shout must sound:—

"Down with the government of Ebert-Scheidemann which protects the capitalists and murders the champions of the proletariat!

"Down with the imperial generals and officers!"

"Down with their white guard mercenaries!"

"Stop the armament of the bourgeoisie!"

"Away with the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils which support this government, the murderers of the workers!"

"New elections for all Workers' and Soldiers' Councils!"

"Down with the Constituent Assembly of the bourgeoisie and its social-patriotic lackeys!"

"All power to the proletarian, class-conscious Workers' and Peasants' Councils!"

Cover the bodies of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg with the banners that carry these battle cries into the world. And when the earth has covered their bodies, then carry these battle cries, which were theirs, into your workshops and homes. Do not be silent until the cowardly murderers are overthrown, till their political corpse are thrown on the garbage heap of history where they may rot and decompose till the liberation of the proletariat is achieved. Then, we, a free people on free earth, will build a monument to our murdered pioneers, more high and more enduring than the pyramids of Egypt—the SOCIALIST SOVIET REPUBLIC OF GERMANY!

National Executive Committee of the
Communist Party of Germany.
(Spartacus League).

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(See also page 72.)

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ON THE MURDER OF ROSA LUXEMBURG.

The following radiogram was sent to the C.P. of Germany at the time when the body of Rosa Luxemburg had been found, June, 1919, almost six months after her assassination.

To the Communist Party of Germany!

On the 15th of June, all that was perishable of Rosa Luxemburg will be interred. And once again the class conscious workers of all countries will live through with us the bitterness of irreparable loss.

The government of the social traitor Scheidmann has shown clearly to the whole world what the so-called Democracy is. The bourgeois Democracy or the Democracy of the compromisers is a political arrangement under which the agents of the government, unpunished, murder the best fighters of the proletariat and fling their bodies into the first grave to hand. Under the government of the "Social-Democrat" Scheidmann, the Communists Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were murdered, and General Hoffmann and General Hindenburg crowned with laurels in the name of the "Socialist" Republic. The "Democracy" of the Scheidmanns disarms the workers and arms the white guards, the sons of the landowners and the bourgeoisie.

People like Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, of whom the proletariat of the whole world were proud, were murdered. The German bourgeoisie with the clear permission of the government of Scheidmann arranged for the murderers an easy escape from prison in automobiles.

Comrades! Your struggle is hard, your victory is certain. As after the darkest night the dawn inevitably breaks, so inevitably the dictatorship of the heroic German proletariat will take the place of the present blackguardly regime of the social traitors.

Before the grave of the great foundress of the Communist International, with the advance guard of the proletariat of the whole world, we bend our knees.

Comradely greetings to the glorious Communist Party of Germany!

In eternal memory of Rosa Luxemburg.

G. SINOVIEV,
Chairman of the Executive Committee
of the Communist International.

HOW KARL LIEBKNECHT AND ROSA LUXEMBURG WERE MURDERED.

By E. A. MUMBEL, from "*Two Years of Murder.*"*

During the search of a house in Wilmersdorf on January 15th, 1919, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were discovered and arrested at 9.30 in the evening by citizen's guards, and without any order of arrest existing against them, they were conducted to the Eden Hotel, the Headquarters of the Garde Kavallerie Schuetzen Division (Horse Guards).

According to an official statement issued on January 16th, Liebknecht was "shot whilst attempting to escape," and Rosa Luxemburg was lynched by a large mob. "The officers entrusted with their transport were not guilty." From statements made at the trial, however, the murders took place in the following way:—

The courtyard before the Hotel was completely empty but for a few troopers of the Horse Guards who stood around. Karl Liebknecht was led from the Hotel to a waiting automobile. Trooper Runge of the Horse Guards immediately struck him twice on the back of the head with a rifle butt. Liebknecht sank down, half unconscious. The officers stood around and made no attempt to prevent the blows. The escort consisted of the officers Stiege, Liepmann, von Rietgen, Schultz, Heinz von Pflugk-Hartung and Horst von Pflugk-Hartung and a trooper, Clemens Friedrich, all heavily armed.

The automobile moved off with Liebknecht and his guards, but instead of proceeding directly to Moabit (the prison), it went along the Neue See in the direction of the Charlottenburger Chaussee. At a point where a completely dark footpath led away into the depths of the Tiergarten, the automobile was stopped, allegedly by a defect, and Liebknecht, who was still very weak from the blows on his head, was asked whether he felt strong enough to walk. He was supported by two men, one on the right and the other on the left. Two men walked before him and two behind, all armed with cocked pistols and hand-grenades. A few minutes later, Liebknecht was shot. It was stated that he attempted to escape. Captain von Pflugk-Hartung fired the first shot. After the deed the automobile was once again in working order. The officers attempted to remove the traces of the crime by delivering Liebknecht's dead body as that of an unknown man.

When Rosa Luxemburg was led through the main entrance of the Hotel, the same Runge stood at the door. Captain Petri had given the order that Luxemburg should not arrive living at the prison, and Runge struck her twice on the head so that she fell. The sound of the blows was heard even inside the Hotel. Lieutenant Vogel, the leader of the escort, did nothing to prevent

*Published by the New Fatherland Publishing House, Berlin, W. 62.

the attack. Someone bundled Rosa Luxemburg into the car. A man sat to the right, and another to the left, and with them was Vogel. When the car moved off, a man jumped on it from the back and struck her a further blow on the head, with something hard. One the way, Lieutenant Vogel shot her through the head; her body moved convulsively and collapsed. The car sped along between the Landwehr Canal and the Zoological Gardens. The streets were empty, but near the Canal stood a group of soldiers. The automobile drew up, and the soldiers took the body and threw it into the canal on the order of Vogel.

The society of murderers, on its return, had itself photographed at a drinking bout held the same night.

For weeks nothing was done in the matter. The Government left the investigation in the hands of the Division to which the murderers belonged. The members of the Workers' Council, Rusch and Struve, who were afterwards drawn into the investigation, proposed a number of arrests, including especially the escort of Liebknecht, and when these proposals were rejected, they resigned from the commission of enquiry (document of the members of the Central and Executive Council, January 31st, 1919).

Runge received false papers from Lieutenant Liepmann and was transferred to another part; then he fled and for some time he could not be found. In the middle of April he was arrested. Lieutenant Vogel was arrested on February 20th and on May 8th a trial before a court martial opened. Lieutenant Gruetzner stated that officers had expressly requested him to induce the guards of the Eden Hotel to make favourable statements and that he should exclude unsuitable elements from their ranks. Pflugk-Hartung admitted that he had "lent" five hundred marks to the soldier Peschel, the driver of the car in which Liebknecht was carried. The soldiers Grantke and Weber swore that Lieutenant Vogel had shot Rosa Luxemburg and had ordered her body to be flung into the canal. Two of the accused and Vogel himself denied the first statement. The judgment read as follows:—

1. *Trooper Runge* of the Horse Guards is sentenced to two years imprisonment, four years loss of civil rights and dismissal from the Army.

Because, whilst on active service he neglected his duty, because of attempted manslaughter, because of the infliction of severe bodily injuries, because of the misuse on two occasions of his military arms, in the second case with more serious breach of discipline, and because of the use of false documents.

2. *Lieutenant Liepmann* is sentenced to six weeks rigorous confinement to barracks.

Because, he assumed authority to which he had no right.

3. *Lieutenant Vogel* is sentenced to two years and four months imprisonment.

Because, of his serious neglect of duty whilst on active service, because of the misuse of his military authority in the disposal of a corpse and because of the submission of a service report which he knew to be false.

4. The accused *Liepmann* is acquitted on the count of being an accessory to murder. The accused *Vogel* is acquitted on the count that he permitted punishable actions on the part of his subordinates, and is acquitted on a second count of serious neglect of duty, and is acquitted on the count of murder.

Captain Horst von Pflugk-Hartung, Naval Lieutenant von Rietgen, Naval Lieutenant Stiege, Lieutenant Schultz, Captain Heinz von Pflugk-Hartung are acquitted on the count of complicity in the murder.

In its summing up the Court has assumed that *Trooper Runge* acted freely and on his own initiative and without coercion.

Five days before the opening of the trial, Dr. Grabowski and Captain Pabst had provided a passport for Lieutenant Vogel through the Police Headquarters of Berlin, and the Passport Section of the Foreign Office for Holland. On May 14th, the last day of the trial, Member of Parliament Cohn, reported this fact to the War Minister, Reinhard, and to the Ministerial Director, Rauscher; despite this, Vogel escaped from prison on May 17th, and with the assistance of Captain Jansen, fled to Holland. *The murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg*. Publishing House of the Freiheit). Runge later made a confession which completely reversed the version given at the trial. This was reported to Noske and the National Military Court on January 5th, 1920. The confession states:

"After the delivery of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, I received immediate orders from several officers and sergeant-majors that the prisoners should not leave the Eden Hotel living. With regard to Liebknecht, I had the strictest orders to beat this scoundrel down with my rifle butt when he left the Hotel. I was new and could not recognise the officers, but I saw afterwards that most of them were among the accused. With regard to Luxemburg, officers came to me and said, 'you are ordered to see to it that Luxemburg does not leave the Hotel alive. Remember that.' Captain von Pflugk-Hartung wrote down my name, and said to me, 'She will be led to you by Lieutenant Vogel, so that you need only beat, . . . ' (which I did). When the others returned, they boasted that they had 'shown Liebknecht.' A defect

in the mechanism had been pretended so that the flight was artificially arranged. This was repeated to me in the jail by Lieutenant von Rietgen.

"The investigation has been a comedy. I spoke repeatedly in private with Joerns of the War Trials Council, and he said to me: 'Be calm, take everything on your shoulders, it will only be four months and afterwards you can always address yourself to us when you are in need.' The cell doors were always open. All the accused played the part of judges, and I had to play the accused, and I was told and continually reminded that, unless I correctly learned my statements, I would find a hand-grenade in my bed one night when I went to sleep. I was in frequent telephone connection with the Divisional staff at the Eden Hotel. I was to inform it exactly before my flight by what train I was to go to Flensburg, and when I would arrive there."

(Signed) OTTO RUNGE, Trooper.

(Published in the "Freiheit," January, 9th, 1921.)

From this it is obvious that in both cases the murder had been planned by the officers. And yet, nothing followed. The murderers are at liberty to-day.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

By RALPH CHAPLIN.

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must!
Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;
But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE MURDER OF KARL LIEBKNECHT AND ROSA LUXEMBURG.

In his book "The German Revolution," Eduard Bernstein complains bitterly that even in the socialist world outside of Germany "certain journalists" have presented the Social Democratic Party of Germany as guilty of moral complicity in the murders of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, and as being in favour of the murderers. "Thus, even Romain Rolland, in the spring of 1919, was induced by a German writer to raise this accusation against the Social Democratic Party and Government, in a long article published serially in three numbers of the Paris "Humanité." In actual fact, these accusations are completely unjustified. . . ." (!!).

How "unjustified" these accusations are is proved, for instance by the following verses which were published on January 15th in the "Vorwaerts," the official organ of the Social Democratic Party:—

"Five hundred corpses in a row,
Liebknecht, Rosa, Radek & Co.,
Are they not there also!"

" . . . Not the least trace of plausible proof exists that the government or anyone of its members has instigated by the least syllable (Zickler's poem?) the murder or favoured the murderers." (Noske is still a member of the S.D.P.)

Herr Bernstein then goes on to expatiate upon all kinds of juridical considerations and affirms: "In all collective crimes the correct apportionment of the responsibility is an almost insoluble problem."

"It is true, however, that he (Joerns, a member of the War Trial's Council) has made various omissions in the examination of witnesses, etc., (this "etc." has a deeper significance. See the confession of Trooper Runge.—The Editor); omissions which would have considerably contributed to the clearing up of the situation.

On the actual murders, Bernstein writes: "That a brutal and cowardly murder has been committed in the case of Rosa Luxemburg is contested by no one. But whether the soldier Runge, who, without provocation, repeatedly and violently struck an unusually physically weak woman upon the head with his rifle butt, so that she fell unconscious to the ground, must be considered as the main actor, or the officer who sent a bullet through the head of the woman who was lying without a sign of life, no one can decide afterwards. Still more difficult is the apportionment of the responsibility with regard to the murder of Karl Liebknecht.

Was it actually a murder within the meaning of the penal code? (Emphasised by the Editor). According to the statements made by the officers of the escort, Liebknecht was shot whilst attempting to escape, and it is the military usage to shoot escaping prisoners, and this is sanctioned by the regulations."

Bernstein writes on the judgment: "The court stressed as an extenuating circumstance the great excitement in which the population in general (and the "Vorwaerts" in particular!—The Editor) found itself under the effect of the Spartacist disturbances. (Poem of Zickler in the "Vorwaerts,"—The Editor. This excitement, however, was not imaginary (like the "imaginary" murder plot against the Spartacists, against which Bernstein fights in his book.—The Editor)—it was actually very great, and it did not limit itself to capitalists and petty bourgeois who trembled for their property and profit. It spread itself in wide circles over the working population, directing itself against no one with stronger bitterness than against Karl Liebknecht, who was considered to be mainly responsible for the uprising which has been so fatal to the development of the republic."

Of Liebknecht personally, Bernstein writes: "His violent murder has had the effect of weaving a myth around his name, thanks to which the dead Karl Liebknecht was able to do damage longer than the living would have been able to do. With all his gifts and radical energies, Liebknecht had not captured the special sympathies of even the radical leaders (Independent Social Democrats). Even as early as 1915, when, in the still united social democratic parliamentary fraction, a motion was put forward to expel him from the fraction on the ground of his continuous actions against the decisions of the fraction, only a part of the radical members of the fraction (later the Independent Social Democrats) voted against the motion and the other part shared in the bitterness of the fraction majority aroused by his attitude, and voted for the motion. After he was released from prison, and was hailed by the masses everywhere, he showed himself as a martyr of militarism, his obstinacy and his over-estimation of himself had increased to such an extent that Barth (a Social Democrat) considered himself justified in speaking of his megalomania (emphasised by the Editor)."

"From a human point of view one must indeed, regret that one so very gifted, though certainly not very deep, and one possessed of such unusual spiritual strength, and the bearer of a famous name should have found such a violent death in the prime of his life. On the other hand, however, the historical judgment of Liebknecht, the politician, has shown how much he lacked those qualities without which the social democracy cannot fulfil its great mission as a constructive power." (!!??)

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE MURDERS.

In this connection one should read the judgment of a bourgeois author, Schumann: "A Non-political Judgment of Karl Liebknecht," from which we publish the following extract. The impressions of the bourgeois author are in direct contradiction to the nauseous writings of the Social Democrats,

"In spite of all his errors, the man and fighter, Liebknecht, was clean and great, because he ignored his personal interests, interests which to the majority of us seem the only things worth while, though we have not the courage to admit this. Liebknecht did not avoid suffering for his ideals, he belonged to those rare men who gladly give all in the service of their ideals and demand nothing in return. Can any great deed be done without these selfless people? And in all his actions the motive force was his indescribable love for the people. . . ."

An accusation which is often heard and which confuses all these facts is that of personal vanity and ambition, and in general of a one-sided and arrogant glorification of the personal factor. Nothing is more baseless than this reproach, nothing more contradicts the reality. It is a weak attack, and one immediately suspects a lack of understanding in its author, and Liebknecht is not the first who must be defended against it.

THE WHITE TERROR AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE WHITE TERROR.

1. After the conclusion of peace, the *world bourgeoisie* made great endeavours to re-establish the *economic balance* which had been destroyed by the *world war*—as well as the *class balance*, which had been shaken by the *Russian Revolution*. The *bourgeoisie* instinctively realised that as a *ruling class* it was threatened with the loss of its power. Acting upon this realisation, it has done everything possible to strengthen its power of resistance. "Although the bourgeoisie as an historical class is parasitic and historically obsolete, it has armed itself to the teeth in order to carry on the class struggle, supported by the compromises of the social democrats to the methods of bloody terror," (Trotsky at the Second Congress of the Young Communist International).

2. The compromisers of the social democrats have even gone so far as to provide hangmen from their own ranks to crush the proletariat. Noske, the "worker," has in this way proved to the world that the Social Democratic Party of Germany has saved the capitalist order of society.

3. The Social Democracy, which pretended to the workers that it would be possible to realise socialism peacefully, and which under the cloak of democracy restrained the masses from joining in the revolutionary struggle, not only weakened the power of the working class action, but even helped to crush the workers and assisted in the consolidation of the white, who used this situation to create their class organisations for the defence of their positions of privilege and power.

The bourgeoisie, with its lackeys, the social democrats, unable to prevent the collapse that it had brought about, unable to save its slaves from starvation and the consequent physical, moral and mental ruin, proceeded to drown the indignation of the desperate working masses in an ocean of blood and fire. All the beautiful promises of freedom and democracy have disappeared, all the lies of the cultural state, of the peace, of justice and liberty are flung on one side—*violence, brutal violence, rules to-day, and chaos spreads farther and farther over the entire bourgeois world.*

4. The demagogy of the social democratic leaders has on the one hand restrained the workers from "acts of violence" by phrases of "democracy," and on the other it has actively supported the use of the armed power of the State (which lies in the hands of White Guard officers) against the revolutionary workers. All this was naturally done under the cloak of "democracy" in the name and for the interests of the "people," the "nation" and last but not least in the interests of the recovery of capitalist economy.

5. The Social Democracy of all countries has, partly by its inactivity, by its weak and wavering attitude, and partly by direct participation, taken upon itself the responsibility for a long list of crimes which have been committed against the working class. The White Terror can only reign because the Social Democracy, not only does not fight it, but, morally and actively supports it. The ground for the White Terror was everywhere prepared by the social democrats. Their campaign against the revolutionary proletariat, against the Communists created the atmosphere in which the White Terror grew, in which the lust of revenge, and the murders committed by the capitalists, threatened with the loss of their power, could develop without hindrance. It was just this Social Democracy that created that spirit, the pogrom spirit, which led to the bloody crushing of the Spartacist revolt in January, 1919, and to the murder of Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Leo Jogisches and many thousands of workers. (See the poem of Zickler and the article in the "Vorwaerts" before the January events.)

6. How far the social democrats are in favour of the murder of workers and their actual participation in the murders, are shown by the example of Noske, who, till to-day, remains a member of the Social Democratic Party of Germany! It also shows that the German Social Democracy has sunk to greater depths than any other "labour" party of the Second International. It is rightly called the "Party for the murder of workers" and will forever remain so called in the history of the labour movement. The German "worker" Noske has surpassed Cavaignac and Gallifet. The French bourgeoisie was compelled to take these butchers from their own ranks. The German bourgeoisie has no need, the Social Democracy voluntarily has placed itself at its disposal for the bloody hangman's work, for the crushing of the working class.

7. Thousands of workers fell victims to the blood-lust of white guardism. It was an ideal time for murderers in the Germany of the Social Democracy. Not a hair of any white guard officer was injured, whilst workers who had fought for the liberation of their class were murdered. Without trial, thousands were put against the wall and shot—the Social Democracy made no protest. Death sentences were passed upon workers and signed by the Social Democratic President. Thousands of workers were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment under the Social Democratic Minister of Justice, Radbruch. The White Guard murderers remained at liberty. Favoured by the Social Democracy, they were enabled to flee abroad.

8. In a booklet (by E. S. Gumbel) we find the following contrast between the political murders from the Right and those from the Left, and their consequences during the years 1918-20 :—

Total number of the political murders from the Right : 314.
Total punishment. Imprisonment : 31 years, 3 months, and one life-long sentence.

Total number of political murders from the Left : 15.
Total punishment. Death sentences : 8. Imprisonment : 176 years, 10 months.

During the years 1919 and 1920, almost on every second day, there occurred an unpunished murder from the Right.

9. Professor Nicolai writes in the introduction to this booklet, "With regard to the dead themselves, nearly all the leaders of the extreme Left have been put out of the way in this manner, however, not a single leader of the extreme Right has been killed. In general, the murders committed by the Left are very few, and those from the right very numerous." Yet the Social Democracy pretends to consider the communist "atrocities" as the reason for the White Terror. Professor Nicolai continues, "With regard to the punishments meted out, the relatively few attempts against reactionaries are almost all punished by very heavy sentences, however, for the numerous attempts made against men of the Left, no one is punished. When for instance, as in the case of the murderer of Landauer, the criminal, is punished for stealing the murdered man's watch, this is certainly no punishment for the murder."

10. The Social Democracy of all countries, and especially of Germany, which likes so much to make the Communists responsible for the extension of reaction and which considers the White Terror as a result of the Red Terror, should ask itself where the communist "atrocities," which allegedly caused the White Terror in Finland, Hungary, and Bavaria were in Great Britain, in France, in Jugo-Slavia, in Bulgaria, in Spain, in Italy? Will the Capitalists and jointly with them, the Social Democrats, be able to stop the development of things by White Terror. Will they be able to prevent the collapse of capitalism and make possible a capitalist reconstruction. Does not this policy that the Social Democracy has held for so long rather lead to an intensification and an extension of the existing chaos, to new armed adventures, to complete ruin? To put the question is to answer it.

11. We have before us the example of Germany to show how little indeed the treason of the Social Democracy could prevent the collapse of capitalism. There can be no economic reconstruction under capitalism. To-day, they no longer speak of the salvation of the "Republic" for the Social Democracy, which since 1913 has abandoned the class struggle, has now resigned in favour of the white generals after having carried on for years a

campaign against the Red Dictatorship. In Germany the white front has been formed. The social democrat Ebert, has, with one stroke of his pen, pushed aside the democratic parliamentary scene and given the floor to the white general Seeckt and his officers, his Reichwehr and his fascist organisations. While after the defeat of the Hohenzollern Monarchy the bourgeoisie sought safety in a democratic republic, now it runs to the army of the bourgeois monarchy, and with it runs the whole party of reformism and the Trade Union leaders. The social democratic workers, who saved the Republic in the days of the Kapp Putsch, are today the only republicans in the Germany of the White Generals. The Social Democracy by voting for the dissolution of the Communist Party of Germany has realised the white united front from Ebert to Kahr and openly plays the working class into the hands of the White Terror.

12. Allegedly in order to fight against fratricide and against the atrocities of the red dictatorship, the Social Democracy has supported the White Terror. However, during the whole period of the Soviet Republic in Bavaria under the "Red Terror," 14 people lost their lives, during the few days after the overthrow of the Soviet Republic in Munich by the white troops of "law and order," more than 600 people were killed. No communist "atrocities" justify the White Terror in Jugo-Slavia, Rumania or Bulgaria.

13. The Government set up by the Putsch of June 9th in Bulgaria has, however, attacked the communist movement by all the means of the White Terror. Many hundreds of communists have been arrested and brutally tortured. Whilst it is the custom in Germany to shoot communists "whilst attempting to escape," in Bulgaria one covers murders by announcing that the murdered men were rescued when their comrades stormed the prison the night before. Many of those who have not been murdered have been maltreated in such a way that they are crippled for life. Some idea of the class hatred and class vengeance of the bourgeoisie, and the demoralisation of the Social Democracy (as in Germany) can be obtained from the fact that the council of barristers of Plowna—including the social democratic barristers—decided to refuse to defend the accused Communists before the trial and to allow no defence. The court of this town has sentenced four comrades to death. The Reaction and the White Terror continue to rage in Bulgaria. White gangs are let loose against the communists whom they arrest, and manhandle so terribly that more often than not the arrested are done to death.

14. The heroic revolutionary rising of the Finnish working class in 1918 is known to all class conscious workers. With the assistance of the German Imperial troops the White Terror suppressed all labour organisations. The labour movement of Fin-

JANUARY FIFTEENTH.

land was massacred, tens of thousands of imprisoned class fighters were shot in the internment camps or starved to death. But the defeated revolutionary workers recovered, and in May 1920 established the Socialist Party. By disbanding the inaugural congress the bourgeois showed that White Terror still ruled, and since that time White Terror has raged continuously in Finland. *The Social Democracy of that country, not to be beaten by its German fellow, worked as the spy of the ruling classes and everywhere denounced the communists to the criminal police as plotters who wished to make Finland a Russian colony with the assistance of the Red Army. The persecution of the communists reached its highest point in August, 1923, when mass arrests took place. All members of the Party, the entire parliamentary fraction, and many other comrades were arrested. The Party and the League were disbanded. All organs of the Party and the League were suppressed, and the printing shops, machinery and other property confiscated. The Social Democracy supported the murderous attack of the bourgeoisie on the communists because, "they (the communists) want to abolish the independence of the Fatherland with the assistance of a foreign power."* (Extract from the official organ of the Social Democratic Party). *The hypocrisy of the Finnish Social Democracy, which, with the assistance of the German General Mannerheim, bought the independence of Finland with the lives of thousands of workers, stands on a par with that of its colleague, the German Social Democracy, which carried through the White Terror by means of "democracy."*

15. In Italy, the ex-socialist Mussolini has set himself the task of defeating the Italian working class and the establishment of the Fascist Dictatorship was accompanied by the murder of many communists all over the country. Thousands of workers were imprisoned, and many were so brutally treated that they died. Printing shops, workers clubs and other similar property of the workers were destroyed by fire. The reaction is apparently of the opinion that it can stop the development of the revolution movement by this bloody White Terror. It shows only its weakness, however, the working-class organisations once again begin to move. *The bitter instruction given by Fascism has shown the workers that the White Terror cannot be answered by individual terroristic acts, but that it can only be overthrown by mass action, by an organised mass party.*

16. In Spain, on September 13th the Liberal Ministry was overthrown by General Primo de Rivera without the least cloak of democracy, "the constitution of the Spanish Kingdom," was thrown into the waste paper basket, the civil governors dismissed, martial law proclaimed, and all power placed into the hands of the white generals. The Catalan bourgeois and the military

party, both enthusiastic for Italian Fascism, attempt to carry through in Spain the methods of Mussolini.

Four generals rule in Spain to-day without any regard to the constitution. The Social Democracy and the reformist Trade Union leaders compete with their German colleagues in their treason to the workers. And communists are arrested, tortured, murdered.

17. *The Hungarian Soviet Republic was betrayed by the Social Democracy, and surrounded by imperialist gangs, and after a short resistance it collapsed. The Hungarian bourgeoisie revenged itself for the temerity of the proletariat in thus breaking loose from the chains of its slavery, and the White Terror came to Hungary. This terror continues till to day with unabated fury. Horthy's Hungary wishes to strangle the last breath of life from the revolutionary movement. Thousands have been murdered. Those still living are imprisoned in the internment camps and jails and are subjected to the most brutal tortures. The Hungarian government of murderers, unable to give bread and work to the Hungarian working class, attempts to keep it suppressed by means of its White Terror. As in every other country, in Hungary also, the Social Democracy holds the stirrup leather for the white officers. They provide the necessary material for the prosecution of the communists—and the pogroms. Thus, in the course of the last year, a number of young people were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment because they had "insulted" social democrats, and because they had demonstrated against the Horthy regime and for the republic and the proletarian dictatorship.*

18. In Poland, Rumania and the Border States the White Terror rages without limits. All means are used to suppress the working class, beginning with the simple police measure of dissolving meetings and proceeding upwards to shooting murders. Thus, in "democratic" Esthonia, Comrade Kreuks, a member of the N.E.C. of the Party, and of the League, was shot dead on the open street by a paid murderer of the bourgeoisie, for these latter did not want that Comrade Kreuks, who was a candidate for Parliament should be elected. The murder of Kreuks was followed immediately by the arrest of numerous comrades.

In Lithuania many comrades remain in jail till to-day. In Poland, the government, in which the Social Democrats participate, has taken the severest measure of the White Terror in order to crush the growth of the Communist movement. Numerous terroristic sentences have been passed on our young comrades because they have carried on anti-militarist propaganda.

19. In the western European "democratic" States also, in France, in Belgium, and in the much-lauded Czecho-Slovakia,

our comrades are imprisoned because they carry on anti-militarist activity which threatens the safety of the bourgeois state. In Czecho-Slovakia the League was disbanded and the press placed under a strict censorship. And yet, some months ago, the renegade Kautsky still found the brazen effrontery to write, "Democracy is on the march everywhere in the world."

20. The democracy of Kautsky is also on the march in the East. The wave of persecutions in China, Corea and Japan has assumed immense dimensions. Death sentences and long terms of imprisonment are the order of the day. In the East they have adopted still another method of the civilised West, thus, recently, several comrades were brutally murdered by a White Guard officer.

21. This activity of the White Terror cannot be regarded with indifference by the working class. It must immediately prepare to defend itself. It must create for itself fighting organisations and rally the masses.

Either a collapse into the barbarism of war, murder, pauperisation and reaction or a determined and successful fight for communism—this is the unavoidable problem for the working classes of the entire world. If they fail to understand this problem—Vae Victus! Woe to the defeated.

We must realise the nature of the menace. Fascism has already conquered power in some countries, and in view of this fact, we should look the danger squarely in the face, and adopt the correct methods of defence. The Italian example has shown us how *not* to lead the struggle if we want to obtain victory, and the German events are the beginning of a victorious struggle against the White Terror.

Only the united defensive front of all workers in town and country, only the fight of the masses under the clear and determined leadership of the communists can defeat the White Terror and Capitalism. The Communist Party is the only Party that can save the working class.

Only by the establishment of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat can the necessary conditions be obtained for the economic reconstruction of society on a new basis.

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